CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
DEC 2 1980

TIGHT WIRE

PRISON FOR WOMEN

July / August '80

Tightwire Staff:

Tightwire Editor: Beverly Whitney

Native News Editor: Lise Anaskan

Editorial Collective: Daryl Dollan, Gay Wise, Kathy Fawcett, Leslie Richards

Art Director: Jane Billings

Artists: Ivette Ruiz, Janet Stower, Kas Fehr, Sandy Hanoum, Susie Fife

Administrative Secretary: Lisa M. Knowles.

TIGHTWIRE is published six times a year by Tightwire Publications, Prison For Women, Kingston, Ontario. The contents are compiled by the inmate staff from a variety of sources: their own writing, those of other prisoners (both from the Prison For Women and other jails), newspaper and magazine articles, and submissions from outside contributions. The views expressed are those of the particular writer or artist, which may or may not conform to the opinions of the Administration and the Correctional Services of Canada.

The contents may be reproduced, provided that credit is given to the author and sources of publication. The Editor welcomes contributions, advice and criticism, reserving the right to edit for clarity and limits of space.

Please address all correspondence to:

Tightwire Publications,
P. O. Box 515,
Kingston, Ontario,
K7L 4W7.

Subscriptions: $4.00 per year

ISSN: 0702-9004

Second class mail registration #4730

MEMBER
COSMEP
COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94101

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/31761075939926

CONTENTS

Letter To Tightwire	Kathy Fawcett	1
Editorial	Beverly Whitney	2
Illustration	Kas Fehr	3
Editor's Note	Beverly Whitney	4
Searching For A Dream	Richard Keinitz	5
Why Women Fear Success	Vivian Gornick	6
News Release	Minister of Justice/ Attorney General of Canada	10
Open Letter	Joan Simeon	16
Through My Eyes, Through Yours	Dan Loree	17
Past	Ronnie Lichtman	18
Poetry	Dan Loree	24
August 10th: National Prison Justice Day	Submitted by D. Dollan	25
Thoughts on Prison Justice Day		27
Media Reports on Prison Justice Day		28
Letter to Mr. Braithwaite	Claire Culhane	29
Open Letter	R. Camphaug	33
Open Letter	Stan Mingo	37
Involuntary Transfers: An Injustice to the Mind	Lise Anaskan	39
A Male Chauvinist's Guide to Liberation	Don Smith	41
For Cookie	Dorothy	44
The Politics of Housework	Pat Mainardi	45
Private Extended Family Visits	Claire Culhane	49
Illustration	Lucia Vernerelli	52
Putting Rape in it's Legal Place	L. Cohen & C. Backhouse	53
The Bronx Diet	Richard Smith	54
I'd Like to be Alone With You	Richard Keinitz	57
For Maggie MacDonald	Gay Wise	58
Interview with Maggie MacDonald	Beverly Whitney	59
Ode to the Prison for Women	"Sally"	66
What I Am and What I Am Not	Author Unknown	67

Police Interrogation Methods	Robert Fink	68
The War Prayer	Mark Twain	70
Question	Julius D. Snowden	72
Illustration	Sandy Hanoum	73
Poetry	Richard Keinitz	74
You Can Tell It's Going to be a Rotten Day When.....		75
Crime and Punishment	Clarence Darrow	76
A Dream	Camper	79
Society's Psalm	Daryl Dollan	79
One Opinion of Oakalla	Gay Wise	80
Please Hear What I'm Not Saying	Author Unknown	82
Barrington	Lesley Richards	84
Only Crippled	Julius D. Snowden	88
Reclaiming Ourselves: A Feminist Perspective of Pornography	M. Barling, M. McCaffrey S. Perreault	90
Singing Joe	Richard Keinitz	97
Illustration	Sandy Hanoum	98
Reason for Life	Author Unknown	99
Illustration	Kas Fehr	100
Interview with Joan Ross	Beverly Whitney	101
Disco Contest	Beverly Whitney	105
Sports Day	Beverley Whitney	105
Poetry	Lesley Richards	106
Poetry	Richard Keinitz	106
No Word From Home	"D. J."	107
Ballad of the Gym Shoe Bandit	Tony D. Davis	108
Eclipse	Julius D. Snowden	109

Please note: A subscription form has been added to the last page for your convenience.

Thank You
Tightwire Staff

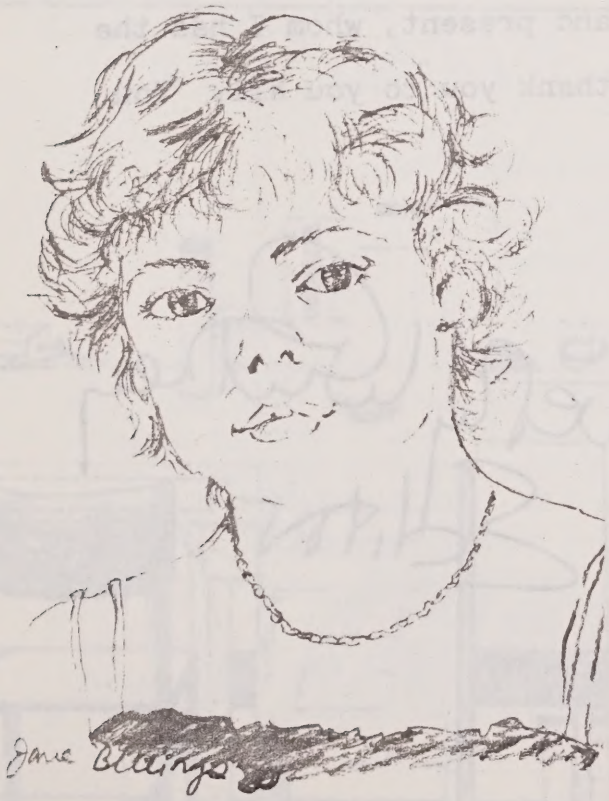
Wednesday, Augst 20th, 1980.

Dear Tightwire;

For the past two and one half years I have been employed as a teacher of Mathematics and Science in the school are of Prison For Women. During this time, I became involved in tutoring both the Protective Custody and Dissociation units, as well as co-ordinating (where possible) the Native Studies course. I outline this background solely to indicate the variety of inmates with whom I have had contact.

In fact, this is a note of appreciation to the women of the Prison For Women. Thank you for allowing me to get to know you and for the learning opportunities you have afforded me. Not only have I met women from many different countries and cultural backgrounds but I have been exposed to the realities behind the headlines.

I have enjoyed my job here. You have allowed me to give and, in return, you have given me your eagerness to learn, your trust, and your friendship.



Thank you,

Kathy Fawcett

Kathy Fawcett

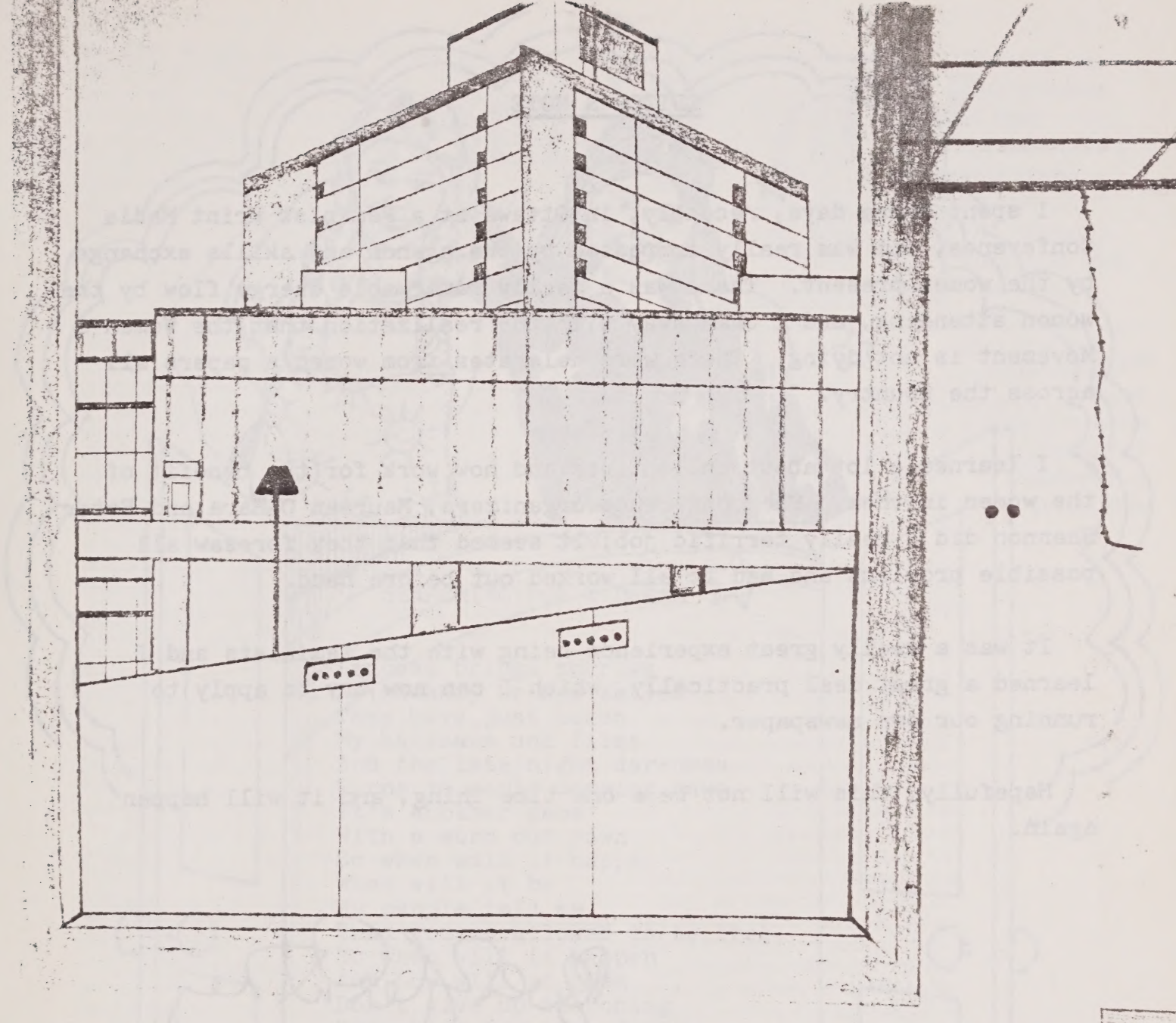
EDITORIAL

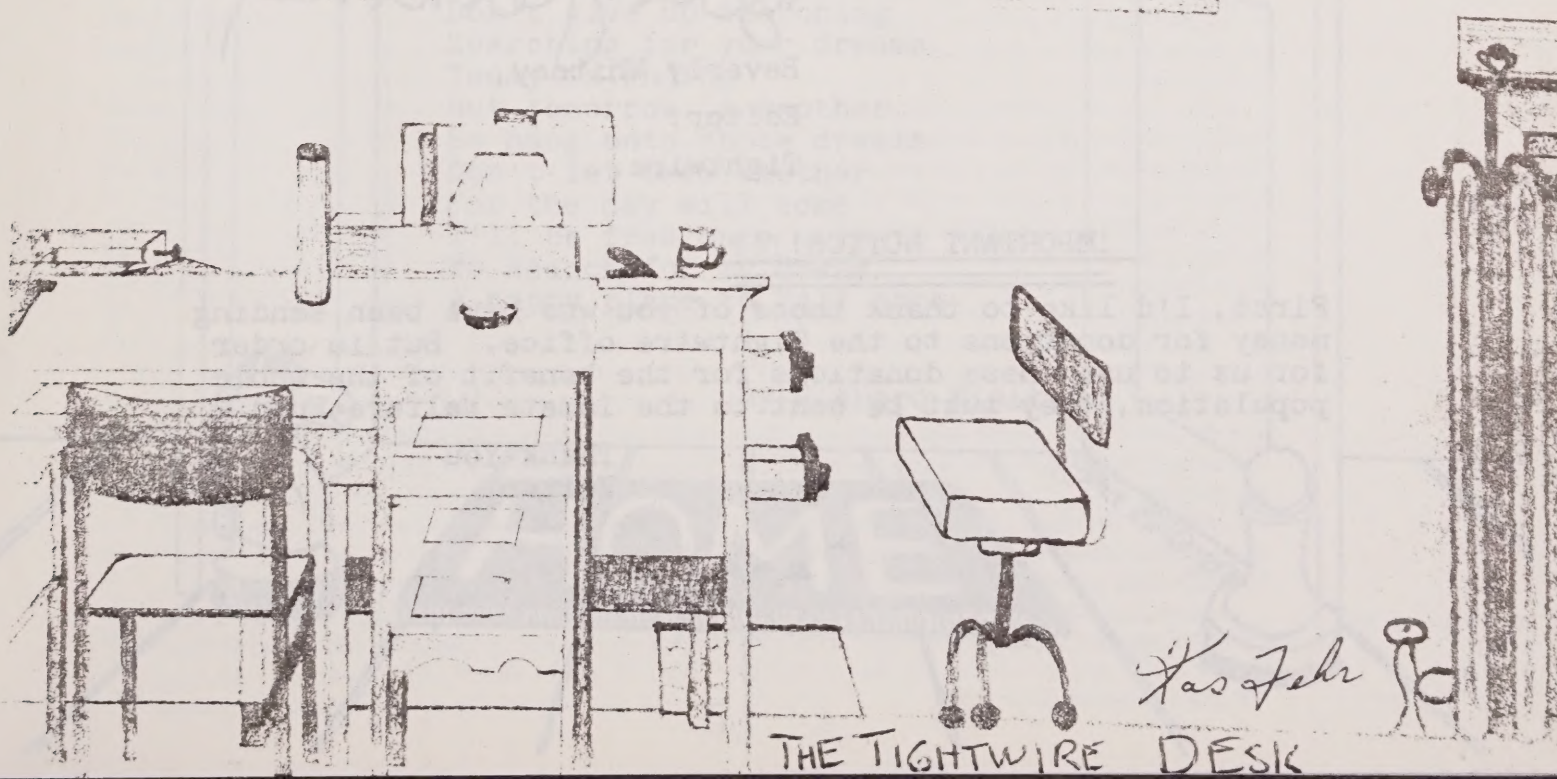
Leaving and saying good-bye is always hard. . .especially when you really care about those you leave behind. Tightwire, the Editorship of it, has been the only meaningful thing come out of nine years prison experience, for me. Day to day, week to week, the Tightwire has absorbed my time, energy and conscienceness. Now it's time to move on.

I'd like to say I've had a really good collective, and feel over the past months a lot of responsibility has been allocated, which is good for me and the other women. I'd like to say that Daryl will take over as Editor, and Lisa, Connie and Gay will continue to give support. Liz will still be Editor of the Native News. Jane, Yvette and Janet will illustrate and I'm sure new women will gravitate towards this very special publication.

I'd like to thank all the women, past and present, whom I had the pleasure to work with, and say a special thank you to you all. You gave sad days a touch of joy.

Sherry Whitney
Editor





THE TIGHTWIRE DESK

EDITOR'S NOTE

I spent three days, recently, in Ottawa at a Feminist Print Media Conference, and was really impressed by the agenda and skills exchange by the women present. There was a really remarkable energy flow by the women attending, and I came away with the realization that the Women's Movement is not dying. There were delegates from women's papers all across the country.

I learned a lot about collectives and how work for the benefit of the women in them. The conference organizers, Maureen O'Hara and Ester Shannon did a really terrific job; it seemed that they foresaw all possible problems and had it all worked out before hand.

It was a really great experience being with the feminists and I learned a great deal practically, which I can now try to apply to running our own newspaper.

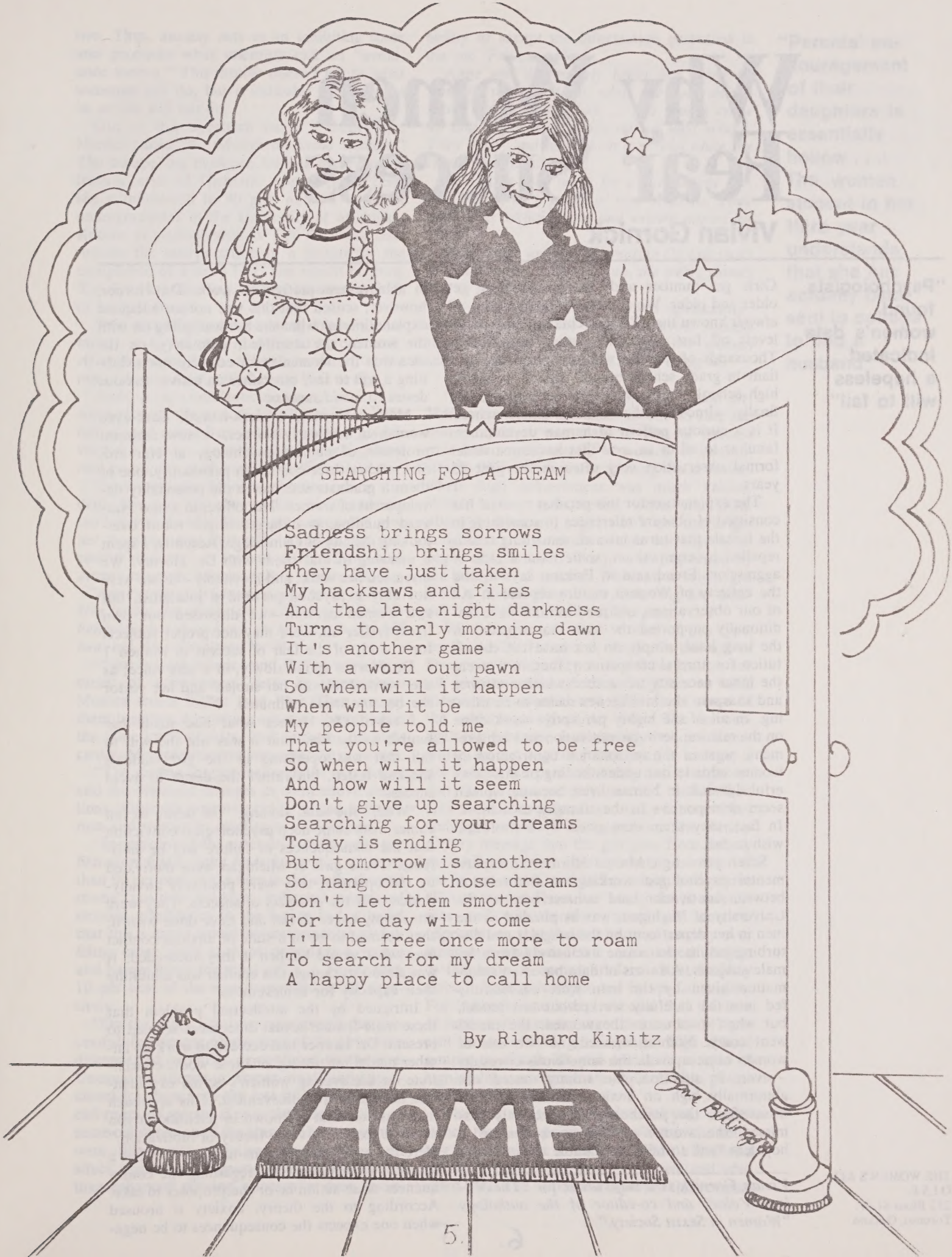
Hopefully, this will not be a one time thing, and it will happen again.

Beverly Whitney,
Editor:
Tightwire.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!!

First, I'd like to thank those of you who have been sending money for donations to the Tightwire office. But in order for us to use these donations for the benefit of the whole population, they must be sent to the Inmate Welfare Fund.

Thank You
Editor



SEARCHING FOR A DREAM

Sadness brings sorrows
Friendship brings smiles
They have just taken
My hacksaws and files
And the late night darkness
Turns to early morning dawn
It's another game
With a worn out pawn
So when will it happen
When will it be
My people told me
That you're allowed to be free
So when will it happen
And how will it seem
Don't give up searching
Searching for your dreams
Today is ending
But tomorrow is another
So hang onto those dreams
Don't let them smother
For the day will come
I'll be free once more to roam
To search for my dream
A happy place to call home

By Richard Kinitz

Why Women Fear Success

Vivian Gornick

"Psychologists found women's data indicated a hopeless will to fail"

Girls get dumber and dumber as they get older and older. We all know that. We have all *always* known that. The girl child matures early, levels off fast, and then slowly retrogresses. Thousands of females who are positively brilliant in grade school become merely bright in high school, simply very good in college, and finally, almost mediocre in graduate school. It is a curious pattern of human development familiar to all of us, one that has come under formal observation very often in the past 75 years.

The explanation for this peculiar reversal has consisted of obscure references to something in the female that turns inward, something that is repelled by competition, some natural lack of aggression. Freud said it, Erikson says it, and the entirety of Western culture repeats it. All of our observations and predilections have traditionally supported the idea that women, in the long haul, simply do not have the constitution for normal competition; that, in women, the inner necessity to succeed which nourishes and sharpens the intelligence seems to be missing. In all of the highly perceptive work done on the relation between motivation and achievement, none of the information contributed by women adds to our understanding of this powerful dynamic in human lives, because women seem unresponsive to the stimulus to achieve. In fact, they seem dominated by a profound wish to fail.

Seven years ago, Matina Horner, an experimental psychologist working on the relation between motivation and achievement at the University of Michigan, was as puzzled as the men in her department by the irregular and disturbing results that came exclusively from female subjects. All sorts of data based on information given by the men were successfully fed into the carefully worked-out test model, but when it came to the women, the model went crazy. Nothing meshed; no two sets of women came up with the same kinds of results —ever. In addition, the women tested out abnormally high on anxiety. Bewildered and dissatisfied, the psychologists reluctantly dismissed the women's data as indicating a hopeless "will to fail," impossible to cope with in achievement-motivation work. Dr. Horner, however, sensed that this was not an adequate explanation for what she felt was going on with the women; she stumbled, ultimately, on the idea that the women involved were not exhibiting a will to fail, but rather an active, anxious desire to *avoid success.*

Matina Horner, a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman in her early thirties, is now assistant professor of clinical psychology at Harvard. She teaches three courses in personality, one of them a graduate seminar in the personality development of women. Her office, in a new Harvard building, is a large, bright room overlooking the city of Cambridge. Recently, I spent a morning in that room with Dr. Horner. We discussed her work, and inevitably—as we were not only a psychologist and a journalist, but two women as well—we discussed our own lives. (After all, were they not proper subjects for a study of the fear of success in women?)

Dr. Horner spoke slowly, in a soft voice; as she warmed to both her subject and her visitor she became more animated.

I asked Dr. Horner what had made her tumble to the idea that it was not the will to fail that was operating in the girl students she had tested, but rather the desire to avoid success.

"Well," she said, smiling, "the desire to fail comes from some deep psychological conviction that the consequences of failure will be *satisfying.* These girls at Michigan were motivated by the opposite; they were positively anxiety-ridden over the prospect of success. They were not simply eager to fail and have done with it; they seemed to be in a state of anxious conflict over what would happen if they succeeded. It was almost as though this conflict was inhibiting their capacity for achievement."

Intrigued by the intellectual problem that these male-female sexual differences seemed to present, Dr. Horner had decided to work up another model for testing, one that would concentrate on discovering women's actual expectancies in relation to achievement. This approach made use of what is known in scientific jargon as an "expectancy-value theory of motivation." Here the experimenter aims to discover what a subject's expectations are regarding the consequences of an action he or she proposes to take. According to the theory, anxiety is aroused when one expects the consequences to be nega-

Vivian Gornick is a staff writer for "The Village Voice" and co-editor of the anthology "Women in Sexist Society."

THE WOMEN'S KIT
O.I.S.E.
252 Bloor St. W.
Toronto, Ontario

tive. Thus, anxiety acts as an inhibiting force and produces what scientists call an "avoidance motive." This motive doesn't tell us what someone *will* do, but it indicates clearly what he or she will *not* do.

Out of this approach came a theory Dr. Horner called "the Motive to Avoid Success." The compelling evidence for her theory came from a series of Thematic Apperception Tests she administered to 90 girls and 88 boys, all undergraduates at the University of Michigan. Known to psychologists as T.A.T.s, these tests require the interpretation of a picture or the completion of a story line. The results of those T.A.T.s were startling. As Dr. Horner explains in her first study:

"We asked Phil, a bright young college sophomore . . . to tell us a story based on one clue: *After first-term finals, John finds himself at the top of his medical school class.* Phil writes:

John is a conscientious young man who worked hard. He is pleased with himself. John has always wanted to go into medicine and is very dedicated. . . .John continues working hard and eventually graduates at the top of his class.

"Now consider Monica, another honor student. She too has always done well and she too has visions of a flourishing career. We give her the same clue, but with 'Anne' as the successful student. . . . Instead of identifying with Anne's triumph, Monica tells a bizarre tale:

Anne starts proclaiming her surprise and joy. Her fellow classmates are so disgusted with her behavior that they jump on her in a body and beat her. She is maimed for life.

"Next we ask Monica and Phil to work on a series of achievement tests by themselves. Monica scores higher than Phil. Then we get them together, competing against each other on the same kinds of tests. Phil performs magnificently; Monica dissolves into a bundle of nerves.

"The glaring contrast between the two stories and the dramatic changes in competitive situations illustrates important differences between men and women in reacting to achievement . . .

"In response to the successful-male cue(*After first-term finals, John finds himself . . .*) more than 90 per cent of the men in the study showed strong positive feelings, indicated increased striving, confidence in the future and a belief that this success would be instrumental to fulfilling other goals such as providing a secure and happy home for some girl. . . . Fewer than 10 per cent of the men responded at all negatively. . . .

"On the other hand, in response to the successful-female cue, 65 per cent of the girls were disconcerted, troubled or confused by the cue. Unusual excellence in women was clearly associated for them with the loss of femininity, social rejection, personal or societal destruction or some combination of the above. Their responses were filled with negative consequences and affect, righteous indignation, withdrawal rather than enhanced striving, concern, or even an inability to accept the information presented in the cue. For example:

Anne will deliberately lower her academic standing the next term, while she does all she subtly can to help Carl. . . . His grades come up and Anne soon drops out of med school. They marry and he goes on in school while she raises their family.

Anne is a code name for a nonexistent person created by a group of med students. They take turns taking exams and writing papers for Anne. . . .

Aggressive, unmarried, wearing Oxford shoes and hair pulled back in a bun, she wears glasses and is terribly bright.

"In other words, women showed significantly more evidence of the motive to avoid success than did men, with 59 of the 90 women scoring high and 8 of the 88 men doing so."

"What was even more apparent," said Dr. Horner, swiveling her chair around to face me more directly, "was that the fear of success manifested itself mainly in women of demonstrably high intelligence, coming from homes where high achievement was much valued. Which makes great sense, when you think about it. After all, a girl who's not too bright and doesn't have much chance for success to begin with is hardly likely to be frightened by the prospect of success. Whereas, a bright girl from a middle-class home, knowing she actually has it within her possible grasp . . . ."

What happens to most women of this type, continued Dr. Horner, is simple. In this age of lip-service to equality and self-realization for all, parents encourage their daughters to fulfill their entire potential and allow them some of the advantages given to men. The encouragement, however, is essentially hollow. Somewhere around a girl's junior year in college, if not before, the parents' strong desire surfaces: that the girl be securely married, rather than take the unconventional and risky course of becoming a serious working person. The contradictory message that the girl gets, from society as well as from her parents, is that if she is too smart, too independent, and above all, too serious about her work, she is unfeminine and will therefore never get married. (Speculation that the full brunt of anxiety over femininity and academic achievement begins to fall upon a woman student about halfway through college is supported by special studies. For instance, one study revealed that the fear of success in women ranged from a low 47 per cent in a seventh grade junior high school sample to a high 88 per cent in a sample of high-ability undergraduate students at a prominent Eastern school.)

The woman student in her third year understands then—or primarily then—that she actually has been sent to college to find a husband and to fit herself out as an attractive and educated wife. The important aspect of this reversal

"Parents' encouragement of their daughters is essentially hollow . . . The woman student in her third year understands that she has actually been sent to college to find a husband"

"Since the mid-sixties negative attitudes toward successful women have increased"

of goals is the immediate capitulation in the girl's psyche, a capitulation that parallels the rapidity with which the fear of success then grows in the brightest women students. The implication, clearly, is that the girl is predisposed to accept this notion that femininity and academic achievement are incompatible; that some deep receptivity toward this idea has been developing in her personality almost from birth; some influence beyond the inauthentic encouragement of her parents to become an autonomously developed human being has caused her to internalize the traditional sexual stereotype of passive femininity. Once the thin crust of encouragement is broken, a deep well of social conditioning is discovered underneath. She goes into a tailspin of anxiety as she struggles to reverse her appetite for human fulfillment, an appetite she now learns is in direct contradiction to her *feminine* fulfillment.

As Dr. Horner succinctly puts it in her study: "Our data indicate that the emphasis on the new freedom for women has thus far not been any more effective in doing away with this tendency [to avoid success] than were the vote, trousers, cigarettes, and even changing standards of sexual behavior. If anything, our most recent data indicate something of a backlash phenomenon since the mid-sixties. The negative attitudes we find expressed toward successful women have increased to a disproportionately greater extent than have the positive ones, and this is true of both male and female subjects."

Needless to say, such a contradictory state of being is unthinkable for a man, who is taught *from birth* that his human fulfillment and his masculine fulfillment are one and the same. While it is true that achievement-motivation work has raised the fear of success in men, that fear is always coupled with philosophical issues in the man's mind, i.e., an apprehension regarding the values of succeeding in a materialistic or socially amoral culture. It is never coupled with a deep conflict over the crucial and fundamental issue of his masculinity.

What happens inside the mind of a woman struggling with such a conflict? Since it has never been properly acknowledged until now, the question has remained unaddressed.

One day Dr. Horner separated out into two piles the results of one of her T.A.T.s. She separated them according to the data collected through other T.A.T.s which had identified some of these same subjects as low in fear of success, and others as high in fear of success. The T.A.T. cue was *Anne is sitting in a chair with a smile on her face*. Those low in fear of success had responded to the cue with rather pleasant, neutral tales such as:

Anne is happy—she's happy with the world because it is so beautiful. It's snowing, and nice outside—she's happy to be alive and this gives her a warm feeling. . . .

Anne is alone in her room. It's a beautiful day. . . . Her two closest friends have just met marvelous people and believe they are in love. . . . The beautiful day and her nice friends' happiness create an aura of happiness about her. . . .

The stories written by the girls high in fear of success were startlingly different:

Anne is recollecting her conquest of the day. She has just stolen her ex-boyfriend away, right before the High School Senior Prom. . . . She wanted to hurt her friend, and succeeded by taking the boyfriend away underhandedly. . . .

Anne is at her father's funeral. There are over 200 people there. . . . Her mother, two brothers and several relations are there. Anne's father committed suicide . . . She knows it is unseemly to smile but cannot help it. . . . Her brother Ralph pokes her in fury but she is uncontrollable. . . . Anne rises dramatically and leaves the room, stopping first to pluck a carnation fom the blanket of flowers on the coffin.

(Anne), a woman in her twenties, is sitting, smiling smugly, in a chair in a small restaurant in New York City. She has just successfully (so far) completed her first robbery (a jewelry store). . . . Gun in hand, she is waiting for her stepmother to return home. A short time earlier, her father was murdered and she believes her stepmother did it. . . .

To think seriously on the meaning of these fantasies in the minds of women who long for and are morbidly afraid of autonomous fulfillment is to come away filled with fear and sadness. Our culture has made a deep split in the souls of its women, and the result is insupportable anxiety which can bear up only by transforming itself into the malevolence of what is known as passive-aggressive behavior. Behind the "passive" exterior of many women there lies a growing anger over lost energies and confused lives, an anger so sharp in its fury but so diffuse in its focus that one can only describe it as the price society must pay for creating a patriarchal system in the first place, and for now refusing to let it go.

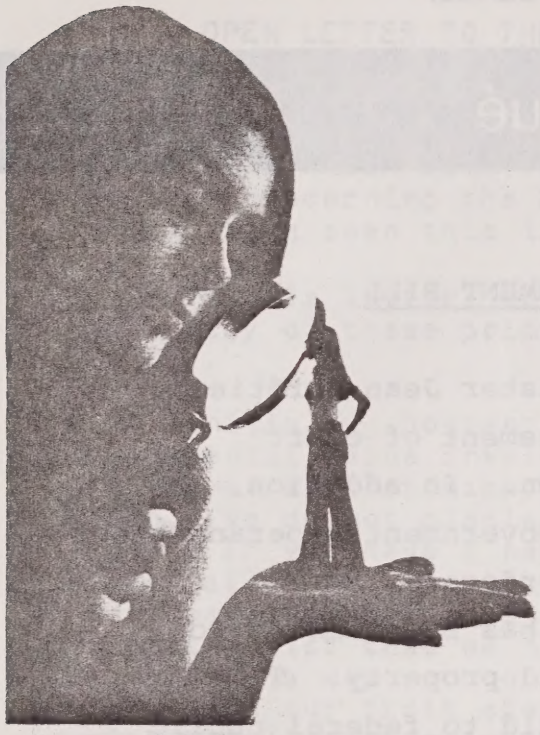
And make no mistake, it is not letting go.

Last summer at Harvard University, Dr. Horner tested a group of undergraduate men in order to discover their genuine feelings about successful women. She gave them the T.A.T. cue that she had previously given to women at the University of Michigan, i.e., *After first-term finals, Anne finds herself at the top of her medical school class*. The answers, overwhelmingly, were along the following lines:

Anne is not a woman. She is really a computer, the best in a new line of machines. . . . Anne rushes out of her smelly formaldehyde laboratory, and runs to the university bar where she knows she will find Bruno! The perfect man!

Anne is paralyzed from the waist down. She sits in a wheelchair and studies for medical school. . . .

This in the summer of 1970. This from Harvard University. This from the men who will marry the girls at Michigan.



"How has this happened to women?" I asked Dr. Horner. " And how can it *un*-happen?"

"Those are both extremely difficult issues even to *speculate* about," Dr. Horner smiled. "How does it all happen? When does it begin to happen? So fast, so early, that it is frightening. My daughter is five years old. One day she came into my room and said to me: 'Mommy, Daddy must love you very much.' 'Why do you say that?' I asked her, pleased that she had made such an assumption. 'Because he doesn't want you to be tired,' she said. 'He does the dishes so that you won't be tired.' . . . Now, it was very nice that the conclusion she came to was that my husband cared for me because he washed the dishes, but the point is, it was a *problem* in her mind, one she had to find a solution for. At five—without any help from us, I can assure you—she knows something is funny if her daddy is doing the dishes!

"The sexual stereotypes are fixed in the minds of girls and of boys almost from birth, and God, do they ever *stay* fixed. I've observed it repeatedly in *myself*. Look, when I was up for my prelims, I went into a state of anxiety like nothing I'd ever known before. I carried on so I frightened my husband and finally, in desperation, he yelled at me: 'For God's sake, maybe women *shouldn't* be in graduate school!' Now, what was I afraid of? I had designed my own prelim, I knew everything I was responsible for. There wasn't the *remotest* possibility of failure; and yet, I was shaking, throwing up, screaming I was stupid and now they'd all know I was stupid.

"Interestingly enough, there was only one time that I remember facing an audience calmly. I rose to speak and was amazed at how quiet and good I felt inside. Then I looked down at myself, and I understood. There I was, seven months pregnant. Nothing I was about to say could contradict *that*. It was my insurance—I was loved, I was about to have a baby, I was in there being a woman—nothing to be afraid of.

"To alter all this is the most complex problem we face now. And it's what we do here. We sit around and we think about these things. My students here at Harvard are marvelous: very bright, very quick, very much taken with these problems. We sit together in our seminars and we ask hard questions. It's exciting to see these ideas taking hold in their minds.

"What we have to do is to get to the bottom of what is genuinely natural in women. What we now call natural is only normative. It is what our culture has defined as normal for women and normal for men, but it sheds no light on what is *natural*. For instance the assertion that women have no natural aggression in them is absurd. Women can be very aggressive even while using 'passive' methods. Silence can be used aggressively. Two little girls getting together in a schoolyard and saying to each other: 'You be my friend and I'll be yours, and we won't be *her* friend'—that's aggressive! Aggression is a desire to exercise will. Passivity is not. Well, God knows, enough women are interested in exercising their wills. . . . So which is it? Is woman aggressive or not? What *is* her nature? This we know next to nothing about. It is this vast area of ignorance that we must explore.

"I think, as far as the future is concerned, that everything depends on where society goes. The counter-culture offers some interesting possibilities, but even those, if you look closely enough, don't get to the heart of the matter as far as women are concerned. For instance, one of the ideas of the counter-culture is that competitiveness is bad. You are a bad *person* if you compete. If this idea should begin to dominate the norm, and women seeking to develop themselves for the first time should then rise to high positions, well they're still in bad shape! Because men define the good. It is what *men* do that determines the values of the society, and this no less so in the counter-culture than in the one they left behind.

"But perhaps all these issues—the counter-culture, ecology, liberation from sexual stereotypes—can eventually feed into a new normative world in which women may finally be able to define themselves. I have great hopes."

I walked out into the Cambridge afternoon sun, feeling benign toward every unknown person whose path crossed mine. After all, this campus had given Matina Horner a place to work, a place to continue her search for new answers, and, perhaps more important, a place to examine and discard all those old questions. Here, her gift as a scientist has led her to ask *new* questions about women. And new questions are what Women's Liberation is all about. ●

"'There was only one time that I remember facing an audience calmly. I was seven months pregnant—that was my insurance. I was in there being a woman'"

Photographed by Peggy Barnett

Minister of Justice and Attorney General of Canada
Ministre de la Justice et procureur général du Canada

News Release Communiqué

JUSTICE MINISTER ANNOUNCES GARNISHMENT BILL

OTTAWA, June 27, 1980 -- Justice Minister Jean Chrétien today introduced legislation to allow enforcement of court judgements against salaries paid by the Crown. In addition, the bill provides for the diversion of certain government superannuation pension benefits to satisfy family support orders.

Under the Royal Prerogative, the Crown has been immune to court orders binding Her Majesty's monies and property. This immunity is being waived so that salaries paid to federal public servants, Members of Parliament, judges, members of the R.C.M.P. and others paid by the Crown, will be subject to garnishment and attachment orders. Under the new provisions, pension benefits paid by the Crown to former employees under various government superannuation plans will be diverted to satisfy family financial support orders.

The procedures to be followed in honouring garnishment orders would, for the most part, be in accordance with provincial law, except those with respect to the Canadian Forces. The procedures for enforcing judgements and financial support orders against members of the Canadian Forces will be set out in the Queen's Regulations and Orders, which will be amended to reflect the principles contained in the new bill. The major new dimension to this legislation is the mandatory diversion of pension benefits payable under various superannuation acts to satisfy financial support orders.

Ref.: F. E. Campbell
Ottawa (613) 992-3611

(version française disponible)

OPEN LETTER TO THE WOMEN IN THE PRISON FOR WOMEN

CONTACT, the Collins Bay paper, has published a list of grievances which some women in the Prison for Women have expressed concerning the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston. Many of you have seen this list.

In this letter, we hope to clarify many of the points raised. Many of these points are based on misinformation about E. Fry.

Initially, however, we wish to acknowledge an apparently fundamental issue involved: a number of women in the Prison for Women are not happy with the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston. We do not disclaim our responsibility for this unhappiness. If you have a negative impression of E. Fry, then we have failed to communicate adequately with you. While we dispute many of the facts in this list of complaints, it is clear from the list that we have not presented ourselves and our aims to you in a way you could accept. We hope to do better in future, and our first step is to write this letter. We have dealt with the list of grievances point by point, and have in each case reproduced your concern, together with our response.

1. *We believe that the members of the Elizabeth Fry Society should have no right to vote on whether or not we get our Day Paroles or Full Paroles, since they have no knowledge of the people that they are voting about.*

The Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston does not have a vote on the Parole Board. Our Executive Director may sometimes be present at a Parole hearing if the prisoner is destined to stay in Kingston, or has some special connection with our agency. If a woman is applying for day parole to the E. Fry Halfway House, the Parole Board will seek confirmation of her acceptance into the house before granting the parole.

2. *Kingston Elizabeth Fry Half-way House seems to be very short, if not totally incapable of providing help, as in counselling, for the women who go there on their Day Paroles. It seems that the staff that are there are usually too busy to help the ladies who need it, and there is no confidentiality of any kind, as there usually is with any form of counselling.*

We try to make sure that counselling is available to every resident as she needs it. Unfortunately, because our Executive Director is overworked, there may be instances where counselling is not as prompt or comprehensive as a resident may wish. Feedback on this issue is crucial if we are to meet the needs of

house residents. In the individual cases where we fall short on counselling or confidentiality, it is crucial that the resident communicate her dissatisfaction to us.

With respect to confidentiality, it is the responsibility of the house staff to report to the Executive Director. This information should never go beyond the confines of the agency, except non-sensitive subjects which may be discussed with employers, teachers, etc.

However, we also do parole supervision, and we are obligated to report those occurrences to the Parole Board which contravene the terms and conditions of parole. We attempt to exercise our powers of discretion wherever possible. It may be that our responsibility to our clients is in conflict with our contractual responsibilities to the Parole Service. We have felt in the past that the advantage of private agency involvement in parole supervision outweighed the disadvantages of being responsible in part to the Correctional Service of Canada. This is of ongoing concern to us, and we welcome your views on this issue.

3. *It seems that a lot of the ladies who are deportable have more priority than the Canadian citizens, and they are also afforded a lot more privileges. At one point it seemed that the Kingston Elizabeth Fry Halfway House was totally full of deportable women, and the Canadians had to wait for months to get out of the institution. We believe that one solution could be sending the deportables home as soon as they have been accepted for either Day Parole or Full Parole.*

We believe that this concern arose out of a situation in 1976 when there were several deportable women in the house. At that time the house was full, and several women were waiting to begin their day parole there. Shortly afterward, the house had only one to four beds filled for a period of about 8 months. Since that time, we have never refused a woman because of a shortage of space. Occasionally, those women already accepted have had a short waiting period while arrangemants or decisions are underway in regard to other departing residents, but this is not common.

It is our policy to accept deportable women into our house. We advocate equal treatment of Canadian inmates in foreign prisons; and we choose not to discriminate against foreign women who are in our prisons.

Under the present law, a prisoner may not be deported until he or she is granted a full parole for deportation. Where it is

...../3

to the advantage of the prisoner, E. Fry would certainly be in favour of earlier return to other countries. We can only lobby for a change in the law as it stands.

4. *The only door open to the ladies in the Federal system seems to be the Elizabeth Fry Society, and we would like to see the John Howard Society take over a lot of the paroles for the ladies. It seems that a lot of inmates that were talked to preferred the John Howard Society, over Elizabeth Fry.*

If any women being released on parole in the Kingston area prefers to be supervised by any particular supervisor (e.g. National Parole Service, John Howard Society, ourselves) they should make their preferences known in their parole application and/or at their panel hearing.

5. *We know that the Elizabeth Fry Society is given a government grant to work with and help female offenders, but we do not see many results of this work in the Prison for Women. The volunteers that used to come into the institution were all students, and they all went home at the end of April. They used to come in once a week, with different programs and activities, but the quality of these soon dropped. At the end they only seemed to come in to play volleyball, and sit around and gossip. The last function that some of them actually did attend was our St. Valentine's Day dance, which was funded by the Inmate Welfare Fund.*

Our government grant is limited, and we attempt, by fees paid for residence and parole supervision, to operate on an inadequate budget to meet the costs of the office and the residence. This is complicated by the need to comply with wage standards, property maintenance bylaws, charitable organization regulations, etc. We would be pleased to discuss our budget and our allocation of funds with you.

Our institutional programme is run by student volunteers. Each year we advertise our need for volunteers, and the programming we are able to offer depends on the response to these ads. It is very difficult to come up with ideas for every Wednesday night. Our volunteers will seek out suggestions and assistance from you for the upcoming year.

6. *It seems that the majority of the women in the Prison for Women avoid the E. Fry Society, as they really don't want anything to do with such a badly un-organized, time-wasting group,*

...../4

but in the end, they have no choice, since this group is the only one that is really set up to help women on a full-time basis. Since the John Howard Society in B.C. seems to be able to do such a good job there, we would like the same kind of program set up for the women in the Federal system in Ontario.

We are unaware of any programme that the John Howard Society offers to women in B.C., although the B.C. E. Fry Societies have a very large staff, offering programs and counselling in Vancouver, Kamloops, Okinagan, and Prince George. We would be pleased to discuss any programmes which you would like to see implemented here.

7. *The ladies of the Elizabeth Fry Society seem to have jumped to a lot of conclusions about the advisability of closing the Prison for Women, without even so much as consulting the ladies whose lives it will change drastically. It is rather tragic, especially considering the fact that this society is supposed to be dedicated to the women they seem to be totally ignoring. If they do not wish to consult with us on this matter, we would appreciate it if they just minded their own business.*

This issue is so important that it cannot be adequately addressed here. Although we have, in the past, consulted with Prison for Women inmate committees, we realize that we have not done this enough on an ongoing basis. We intend to rectify this, and look forward to hearing the opinions of the present population.

We wish to stress immediately, however, our committment to seek NON-INSTITUTIONAL INDIVIDUALISED SOLUTIONS to the problems faced by all women in conflict with the law.

8. *Inmates have heard, which means it must have really gone the long way around, that there are volunteers on the outside who really wish to get involved with this program, have applied to join the Elizabeth Fry and were never contacted again.*

See #5. We welcome volunteers.

9. *The Elizabeth Fry Society doesn't seem to want to take the responsibility for any of the ladies who have a record with violence in it. This makes it exceedingly hard for any of the lifers to get out, and they make up one-fifth of the prison for women population at this time.*

In the past two years, all the women in the house have had some violence in their records except for six drug importers, three Canadians and three deportables.

...../5

10. *The Elizabeth Fry Society only seems to want to commit themselves for two to three months at a time, and if an inmate is doing more than five years it takes longer than that to get answers back on whether or not they have been accepted for Day Parole or Full Parole. It's bad enough when one is turned down either Parole, but much worse when one is turned down by the Elizabeth Fry.*

We aren't exactly sure what this question means. Elizabeth Fry is prepared to do long term planning, but, of course, this can't guarantee entrance into the house for a precise date 12 months from now, because the departure plans of the women vacating the rooms are not definite.

11. *The Elizabeth Fry Society seem to have a preference for taking in and helping provincial women first, so this leaves a lot of us with a great many problems trying to find alternative accomodations.*

As indicated in #3, since 1976 we have never refused a woman because of a shortage of space. Our contract with the Provincial Government has never interfered with our service to federal women. As a matter of fact, the financial contribution from the provincial contract assists in our continuing operation of our house and provision of this facility for federal women. Only one bed is under Provincial contract, although we will house more Provincial women if our house has empty beds.

12. *It seems that a lot of women have been sent back to the Prison for Women from the Kingston Elizabeth Fry Halfway House, for a lot of very petty reasons. Could it be possible to set up a board, that also includes people from the institution and the John Howard Society instead of it being on just one person's say so, or opinion. If there is any kind of personality conflict this makes it impossible for the inmate to make it in the Half-way House.*

Confidentiality prevents us from discussing specific cases.

As indicated previously, we attempt to exercise our powers of discretion when residents are in difficulty. We have few powers left when the police are involved in laying charges, or when there has been obvious breach of the terms and conditions of parole.

We have done our best, here, in so short a space, to address these concerns. This letter is not intended to be the

...../6

final word, but, we hope, the first step in an on-going dialogue between the women in the Prison for Women and the members of the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston.

Joan Simeon

Joan Simeon

President of the Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston, on behalf of the Board and members of the Society.

July 29, 1980

We would like to thank Joan Simeon for taking the time to have this clarification of some of the greivances from the Prison For Women made up.

Even though nothing has really been resolved at this time, we are continuing to meet with the Elizabeth Fry Society, so as to come to some solutions to our present problems. We will continue to print copies of the minutes of all the meetings we have.

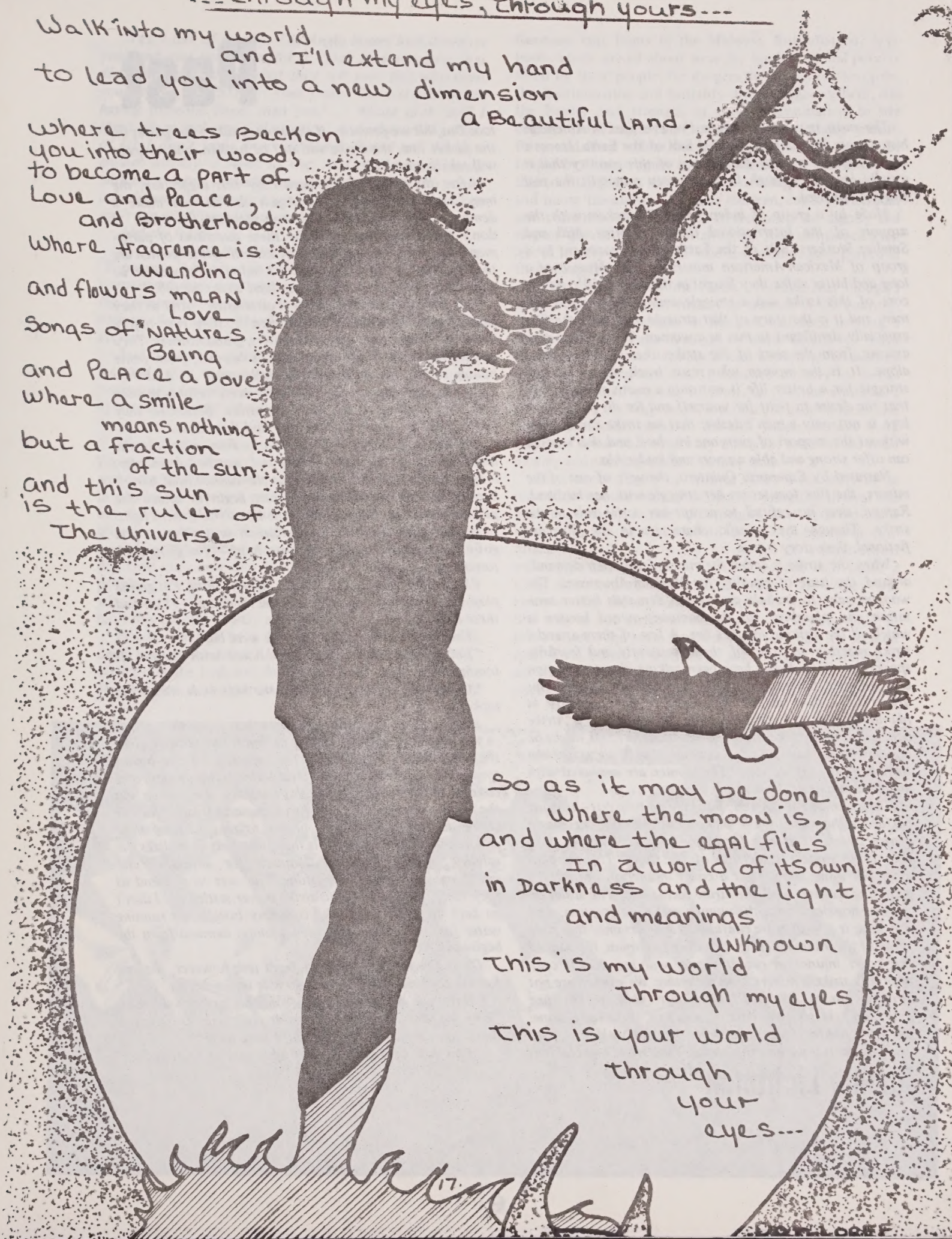
Anne Campbell

Chairlady Inmi Comm.

---Through my eyes, Through yours---

Walk into my world
and I'll extend my hand
to lead you into a new dimension
a Beautiful land.

where trees Beckon
you into their woods;
to become a part of
Love and Peace,
and Brotherhood
Where fragrence is
wending
and flowers mean
Love
Songs of Natures
Being
and Peace a Dove
where a smile
means nothing
but a fraction
of the sun
and this sun
is the ruler of
The Universe



So as it may be done
where the moon is,
and where the eqal flies
In a world of its own
in Darkness and the light
and meanings
unknown
This is my world
through my eyes
This is your world
through
your
eyes...

DORFLOOFF

Past

The most meaningful lesson I've ever had in American history was from a movie called **Salt of the Earth.** *It was a lesson about a part of the history of this country that is usually ignored, though it is a history that tells the real story of America.*

Made by a group of independent filmmakers with the support of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, **Salt of the Earth** *is a re-enactment by a group of Mexican-American miners in New Mexico of a long and bitter strike they fought in the early 1950's. At the core of this strike was a struggle among the women and men, and it is the story of that struggle that made the film especially significant to me, as a woman. The striking men assume, from the start of the strike, that it is their fight alone. It is the women who must teach them that the struggle for a better life is not only a man's struggle, and that the desire to fight for yourself and for the people you love is not only a man's desire; that no strike can be won without the support of everyone involved, and that women can offer strong and able support and leadership.*

Narrated by Esperanza Quintero, the wife of one of the miners, the film focuses on her struggle with her husband, Ramon, over his refusal to accept her active role in the strike. Though the specific characters in the film are fictional, their story is true.

When the strike is called the miners focus their demands around the issue of equality for Mexican-Americans. The women want to include among the demands better sanitation and plumbing for the company-owned houses in which all the striking families live. A few of them attend a strike meeting and one of them hesitantly and fearfully speaks up: "The ladies have been talking about sanitation and we were thinking . . . if the issue is equality, like you say it is . . . then maybe we ought to have equality in plumbing too . . . I mean maybe it could be a strike demand . . . and some of the ladies thought . . . it might be a good idea to have a ladies' auxiliary! Well, we would like to help out . . . if we can." The women are answered with an adjournment of the meeting.

Their demand is ignored, but they do help out–bringing coffee to the men on the picket line and doing necessary clerical work. It is not for many months, however, that they begin to take leadership of the strike. This happens after the mine owners get a court injunction against the picketing workers, and the strike seems lost. The situation appears hopeless–until the women make a suggestion. And this time it is with more confidence and certainty that they speak at the union meeting: "Brother Chairman, if you read the court injunction carefully you will see that it only prohibits striking miners from picketing. We women are not striking miners. We will take over your picket line . . . . Don't laugh. We have a solution. You have none. Brother Quintero was right when he said we'd lose fifty years of gains if we lose this strike. Your wives and children too. But this we promise–if the women take your places on the picket line, the strike will not be broken, and no scabs will take your jobs."

After the initial shock caused by this suggestion, the men decide to vote on it. Again the women make a demand, with Esperanza this time speaking for them: "I don't know anything,. . . about these questions of parliament. But you men are voting on something the women are to do, or not to do. So I think it's only fair the women be allowed to vote–especially if they have to do the job."

The next day the picket line is all women. "And so they came," says Esperanza, "the women . . . they rose before dawn and they came, wives, daughters, grandmothers. They came from Zinc Town and the hills beyond, from other mining camps, ten, twenty, thirty miles away . . . And they kept coming–women we had never seen before, women who had nothing to do with the strike. Somehow they heard about a women's picket line–and they came."

Esperanza, however, is forbidden by Ramon to join the line. For many days she stands and watches from afar, longing to be with her sisters. But she cannot hold herself back when the sheriff and his men begin to attack the picketing women. She runs into the line to help them fight. Later, when she returns home, Ramon says, "I guess you got enough today to last a lifetime, huh?" "I'm going back tomorrow," she answers.

"You might get hurt . . . Listen, if you think I'm gonna play nursemaid from now on, you're crazy . . . I've had these kids all day."

"I've had them since the day they were born."

"I'm telling you. I can't stay home with these kids tomorrow."

"Okay then, tomorrow I take the kids with me on the picket line."

And she does. Every day for more than a month.

As the strike goes on and it becomes increasingly clear that the women are serious, the brutality of the bosses toward the women increases. And through the strength and courage in their resistance to this brutality, the women win the respect of the men. It is when Esperanza is jailed for her strike activity that Ramon begins to take care of their children and their home. It is then, too, that he realizes the validity of the women's demands for sanitation and plumbing. "I tell you something," he says to a friend as they hang the wash, "if this strike is ever settled . . . I don't go back to work unless the company installs hot running water for us. It should've been a union demand from the beginning."

Once Esperanza is released from jail, however, she and Ramon continue to fight over her role in the strike:

"Have you learned nothing from this strike?" she asks. "Why are you afraid to have me at your side? Do you still think you can have dignity only if I have none?"

"You talk of dignity? After what you've been doing?"

Ronnie Lichtman

"Yes, I talk of dignity. The Anglo bosses look down on you, and you hate them for it. 'Stay in your place, you dirty Mexican' that's what they tell you. But why must you say to me, 'Stay in **your** *place.' Do you feel better having someone lower than you? . . . Whose neck shall I stand on, to make me feel superior? And what will I get out of it? I don't want anything lower than I am. I'm low enough already. I want to rise. And push everything up with me as I go. . . . And if you can't understand this you're a fool–because you can't win this strike without me! You can't win* **anything** *without me!"*

And she is right.

By the end of the film even Ramon comes to see this. "Esperanza," he says, in the final scene, after the striking women and men together prevent the sheriff from evicting the Quintero family from their home, "thank you for your dignity. You were right. Together we can push everything up with us as we go."

And Esperanza replies–to the audience–"Then I knew we had won something they could never take away –something I could leave to our children–and they, the salt of the earth, would inherit it."

Why is it that we never learn in school about people like Esperanza and Ramon, or perhaps like our own mothers and fathers? Why do we instead learn about the few people in power, the few rich people, the people we never meet in our daily lives? Why, for instance, when we study the growth of industry in this country, do we learn that "great" men–like the Rockefellers–built those industries? Why don't we learn how they built them off the backs of other people? How they amassed great fortunes while the people who worked for them–the women and men who *really* built this country–barely managed to eat?

Perhaps there'd be a few lines in our history books, under the section titled "America: The Great Melting Pot," saying that the Irish and the Chinese built the railroads, the Jews worked in the garment industry, and the Swedes and Germans rans farms in the Midwest. But what our textbooks rarely talked about were the hard work and poverty faced by these people, the dangers they faced on their jobs, the discrimination and brutality directed against them, and the beauty and strength in their determination to live decent lives despite the struggles this inevitably meant. Bitter and often violent struggles–battles, in fact–had to be fought by these women and men throughout the history of this country just so they could earn enough to feed, clothe, and house themselves and their children, could work under safe conditions, and could be treated with the dignity and respect that is the right of all of us. And mentioned even less in history books is the role that women have played in these struggles.

After seeing *Salt of the Earth* I realized that though I knew nothing about the history of women in this country, it wasn't because women in the past had done nothing. I decided to do some reading to learn about our past. Unfortunately, most of what's been written about women in labor is difficult to find. I searched all over for books that I discovered are out of print, or just not available. I finally found my way into a few obscure little libraries and bookstores hidden away in the side streets of New York City, and I was able to get my hands on some of the most moving and exciting books I've ever read.

The Autobiography of Mother Jones is the story of an incredible woman who spent her life traveling all over the country working in various struggles that involved mine workers in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. She tells of how she led troops of women armed with mops and brooms to fight off anyone who broke a strike or crossed a picket line. "No strike," she wrote, "was ever won that did not have the support of the womenfolk." She tells of one strike meeting in Arnot, Pennsylvania, in 1899, where "the men shuffled their feet but the women rose, their babies in their arms, and pledged themselves to see that no one went back to work in the morning." As a young woman, Mother Jones had lost her husband and four

children in one of the many yellow fever epidemics that broke out in mining towns. Years later she described her experiences with other women whose husbands had been killed in the mines:

> I sat through long nights with sobbing widows, watching the candles about the corpse of the husband burn down to their sockets.
>
> "Get out and fight," I told those women. "Fight like Hell till you go to Heaven!" That was the only way I knew to comfort them.

Another important female labor organizer of the early part of this century, Ella Reeves Bloor, wrote in her autobiography, *We Are Many*, about the ways she overcame the problems women with children face when they become active in labor struggles:

> I wheeled the baby to the public square, where a tremendous mass meeting was going on. Before the crowd discovered me, I managed to nurse the baby and put him to sleep. Helen (the oldest child, 12) sat on a doorstep holding onto the go-cart. The applause when I got up to speak woke the baby and as the crowd grew quiet, Dick let out a loud wail. I saw Helen rocking the go-cart and went right on speaking, but he gave me plenty of competition during the meeting.
>
> The strikers asked me to go on to Boston to raise money. I went . . . with my daughter, my son, my baby carriage. I held a big meeting in Boston Commons while Helen and some of the comrades played with the baby in his carriage. We raised enough money to move all the strikers out of Slatersville and get them work in other places.
>
> The baby was none the worse for the trip.

In 1936 and 1937 a very violent strike was held against General Motors in Flint, Michigan, in which women played an important role. Gonora Johnson Dollinger, one of the leaders of the "Women's Emergency Brigade," later wrote about that strike:

> . . . the police started shooting, and I don't mean only firebombs and tear gas but when they started shooting buckshot and shells into us, naturally the men said, "Women and children get out of here, get out of here!" and they shoved all the women out. They tried to shove me out. And I said, "What in the heck! You haven't got any guns. What do you think you're going to do that I can't do?" I was a very nasty woman and I insisted on staying. I think we could have given a lot of lessons to the men that night if we had more women. But anyway, the men were running the strike. . . . So I, who had never made a speech in my life, said, "Let me talk." I took over the loudspeaker and I said to the people on both sides of the barricades, "There are women down here getting shot. The blood is flowing. And these cops, if they are cowards enough to fire into the bellies of unarmed men are cowards enough to fire into women too. We want you to know that we too are in this fight, we women." (I told them there were "women,"

Mother Jones

Striking Shirtwaist Makers, New York City
circa 1910

20.

plural, not just one.) I said, "And now I'm making a special plea to the women on both sides of the barricades to come down here and stand beside your husbands and brothers and fathers." And so you know, at that point we saw the most wonderful miracle in the world happening. We saw women coming down and fighting with the police . . .

We took the Women's Auxiliary and out of that we organized a women's military organization and we called it the Women's Emergency Brigade. I remember the meeting that I told them it was necessary to organize on a military basis. When I got up and explained the necessity of having a military organization and the women coming to the rescue of the men, I said, "But we don't want anybody who has any predisposition to fainting, we want nobody who is going to be sympathetic and stop and sigh and put their club down . . . " So I asked for volunteers. I was terribly shocked because all these women got up and said, "I'm willing to be in this. I have a grandson in that plant, I know what he's going through." And I kept making it sound more horrible, more bloody, and they didn't stop volunteering. These sixteen-year-old girls: "My father's in there. He's fighting for us." And: "My father's leg is broken and I'm here to be part of it." And do you know, out of that huge huge meeting, I think we had probably a thousand women there, we had five hundred volunteers. . . .

The more I read, the more amazed I became at the scope of the participation of women in labor struggles. Those I've talked about so far involved women primarily in the role of workers' wives. The first strike in which women *workers* participated alongside of men took place in 1824–147 years ago–in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. One hundred and two women walked off their jobs in a cotton factory. It was about this time that large numbers of women began to work outside their homes. In the past, women had done jobs such as weaving and spinning at home. In the early 1800's, new discoveries made it more practical–that is, more profitable–for this work to be done in factories. Because these jobs were still considered "women's work," women–and many young girls–became factory workers. What might have been a freeing experience, allowing women to leave the isolation of their homes and work side by side with other women, turned out instead to be the worst kind of drudgery and virtual enslavement. Not only were women made to work long hours for low wages, in unsafe factories, at jobs that new machinery made dull and boring, but they were often forced to live in run-down company-owned housing and made to pay more than half their weekly salaries for rent. Restrictions, such as curfews, were made on all aspects of their personal lives. And, legally, all their earnings–along with anything they bought with this money–belonged to their husbands or fathers.

The New England states, because of their large clothing, shoe, and textile industries, which employed many women, set the scene for many labor struggles involving women.

The first all-woman's strike took place in the cotton mills of Dover, New Hampshire, in 1828. Four hundred women marched out of the mills to protest not only a cut in wages, but also what they called "the haughty, overbearing disposition" of the mill owners.

A few years later, in 1834, a combination of a wage cut and the firing of a woman worker caused a walk-out of more than a thousand women in the textile mills of Lowell, Massachusetts. They marched onto the streets, singing:

Oh, isn't it a pity that such a pretty girl as I
Should be sent to the factory to pine away and die?
Oh, I cannot be a slave,
For I'm so fond of liberty.

A Boston newspaper reported that one factory woman gave "a flaming . . . speech on the rights of women and the iniquities of the 'monied aristocracy.' "

Although this strike was eventually crushed and the women did not win their demands–among them the right to form a trade union–they did not stop fighting. Two years later 2500 workers formed the "Factory Girls' Association." There was another strike that year which, along with the Association, was also put down by the mill owners. Later on, however, the women formed the Lowell Female Labor Reform Association and were successful in preventing many speed-ups in the factories in the early 1840's.

Throughout the early 1800's women in many different cities formed many such labor reform associations and continued to work and to fight to better their working conditions. The decade of the 1850's was marked by many sporadic strikes among seamstresses, tailoresses, shoemakers, and capmakers in New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. The main concern, however, of socially concerned people at that time was slavery, and the women had to wait for any real changes.

It was not until 1869 that the first national women's union was formed–the Daughters of St. Crispin. It was an organization of shoe workers and had twenty-four chapters scattered from Maine to California. Its members resolved that "we . . . free women will submit to no rule or set of rules that tends to degrade and enslave us." They demanded pay for women equal to that of men doing the same work. Except for the Daughters of St. Crispin, only two of the thirty national trade unions then in existence allowed women to become members. In 1903 women in Boston formed the National Women's Trade Union League, which continued to organize women through the 1940's.

Women's role in the labor struggle took a significant leap forward in the early 1900's, as a result of two major strikes. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who spent many years working with what may have been the only male and female union in this country ever to deal specifically with women's needs–the Industrial Workers of the World (or the IWW) –wrote in her autobiography, *I Speak My Own Piece*, about these strikes:

One, in 1909, was centered in New York's East Side, involved 20,000 waist makers and was called "the girls' strike." Sixty percent in the trade were women and seventy percent between sixteen and twenty-five years old. They worked fifty-six hours a week in seasonal work, speeded up in dirty firetraps known as "sweatshops." "Learners" wages were $3 to

$6 per week. The highest paid to operators was $18. The strike started in two shops. . . . A meeting was held . . . with union officials and prominent sympathizers as speakers, cautiously discussing if a general strike was possible. The overflow filled all the halls in the vicinity. After two hours, a girl striker demanded the floor. She said: "I am tired of listening to speakers. I offer a resolution that a general strike be declared." Her motion was enthusiastically carried. Her name was Clara Lemlich. . . .

The strike lasted two months. The picket lines were broken up again and again by the police. Over 1000 strikers were arrested. Twenty-two young girls were sent to Blackwell's Island Workhouse, a horrible, filthy place. The Women's Trade Union League and the suffrage organizations came to the aid of the strikers. . . .

Young girls told . . . of violence and insults by the police and of how prostitutes in jail jeered at their low wages and told them they could do much better at *their* trade. When the strike started, there were two union shops. When it ended, there were over three hundred union shops, with shorter hours and more pay. This heroic struggle of women laid a firm base for the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. . . . Yet it took years for one woman to be elected to their Executive Board. It has always been a man-run organization, with the biggest local unions of women in existence.

Shortly after, there was a major strike among women textile workers in Massachusetts—this time in Lawrence. It involved hundreds of thousands of women. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn also wrote about this strike. At the time, she was twenty-one years old and went to Lawrence to work with the strikers:

The strike broke with dramatic suddenness, on January 11th, 1912, the first payday of the year. A law reducing the hours of women and children under 18, from 56 to 54 had been passed by the Massachusetts legislature. It affected the majority of the employees. The employers had strongly resisted the passage of this law. Now, they cut the pay proportionately. . . . Wages were *already* at the starvation point. . . . Whole families worked in the mills to eke out a bare existence. Pregnant women worked at the machines until a few hours before their babies were born. Sometimes a baby came right there in the mill, between the looms. The small pittance taken from the workers by the rich corporations . . . was the spark that ignited the general strike. "Better to starve fighting than to starve working!" became their battle-cry. . . . In a few hours of that cold, snowy day in January, fourteen thousand workers poured out of the mills. In a few days, the mills were empty and still—and remained so for nearly three months. . . .

We held special meetings for the women. . . . The women worked in the mills for lower pay and in addition had all the housework and care of the children. . . . At the end of the day's work—or now, of strike duty—the man went home and sat at ease while his wife did all the work preparing the meal, cleaning the house, etc. There was considerable male opposition to women going to meetings and marching on the picket line. We resolutely set out to combat these notions. The women wanted to picket. They were strikers as well as wives and were valiant fighters.

It was during this strike that the song "Bread and Roses" was written, describing the role of the women:

As we come marching, marching, we bring
the greater days;
The rising of the women means the rising
of us all.
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil
where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories, Bread and Roses,
Bread and Roses.

It is not possible in a short article—nor even in a short book—to speak adequately about the role of women in the labor movement in the United States. The few books and articles I've mentioned, even together, do not tell the whole story. It is a story that has ended, a story of more than a hundred years of struggle against brutality, of strikes, of defeats, of deaths, but, most important, of the power and perserverance of people uniting to fight for their freedom, their dignity, and ultimately, their humanity. ♀

Much of the information in this article is from the chapter by Susan Reverby in *Liberation Now*, a soon-to-be-published women's liberation anthology.

**By knowing who we have been
and what we have done,
we will know who we are
and what we must do.**

©1970 by Times Change Press

Let the wind blow,
For its freshness to bestow...
Let the rain fall,
to moisten the hearts
of all...
Let the eagle soar,
and be leashed
no more...
Let me be me,
and you'll set my
Soul free...

Jan Lorel
80

AUGUST 10th: NATIONAL PRISON JUSTICE DAY

On August 10th, Eddie Nalon slashed himself and bled to death in solitary confinement at Millhaven Penitentiary. Prisoners in adjoining cells were unable to arouse a guard because the panic button system had been dismantled by the guards. No one had told Eddie during the ten days prior to his death that his release from isolation had been ordered on July 31st.

On August 10th, 1975, the Millhaven prisoners refused to work in order to commemorate the death of Eddie Nalon and to protest the destructive prison conditions that caused Eddie, and many others, to mutilate or kill themselves. Ever since that day, August 10th has been designated Prison Justice Day.

In 1976, thousands of prisoners across Canada went on a hunger strike to protest the cruel methods of solitary confinement in maximum security institutions.

In 1978, thousands of prisoners in federal penitentiaries refused to work and went on a hunger strike to protest the deaths of the more than one hundred prisoners since 1970. Support demonstrations were also held outside the prisons.

In 1979, prisoners and outside supporters across Canada engaged in a twenty-four hour hunger strike to commemorate those that have died as a result of brutal prison conditions.

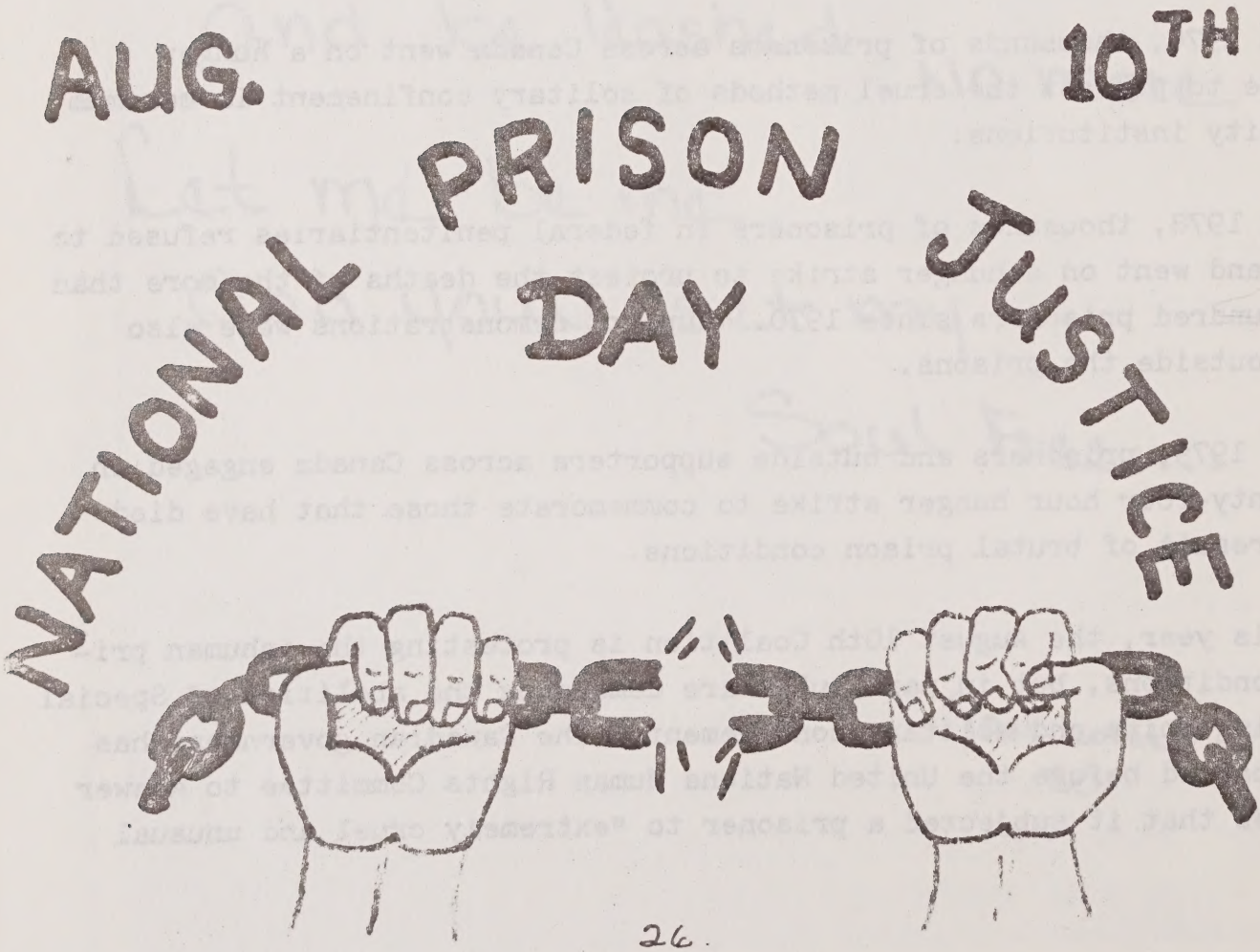
This year, the August 10th Coalition is protesting the inhuman prison conditions, but in particular are demanding the abolition of Special Handling Units and solitary confinement. The Canadian government has been called before the United Nations Human Rights Committee to answer charges that it subjected a prisoner to "extremely cruel and unusual

conditions" in solitary. The Federal Court of Canada, in 1975, found that conditions in solitary constituted "cruel and unusual punishment". (the McCann affair)

In the meantime, prisoners continue to suffer and die unnecessarily in solitary confinement in Canadian prisons. The August 10th Coalition urges you to protest the inhumanity of solitary confinement, Special Handling Units and other destructive aspects of the prison system.

HELP US HELP YOU. . .SUPPORT NATIONAL PRISON JUSTICE DAY

AUGUST 10th, 1980.



THOUGHTS ON PRISON JUSTICE DAY

THE PRO'S AND THE CON'S

On August 10th, the majority of inmates in Canadian prisons supported Prison Justice Day by abstaining from regular meals, and, in some instances, by refusing to work at their regular jobs. Here are two views on why one inmate did not support Prison Justice Day, and why another one chose to support it.

In Opposition:

I am an inmate at the Prison for Women, and one person that did not honour Prison Justice Day. I'd like to share my reasons for this. Prison Justice Day is a day to honour those that have died in institutions across the country, be this by guards beating prisoners to death, neglect of medical care, or inmates that have taken their own lives because they stopped caring. But what of those inmates that died by a hand of their own kind? Why do we not honour them? Is it because once a person is labelled a criminal, they are subsequently labelled an animal, therefore it is allright for us and not them? I see no difference. When explaining my point of view to another inmate, I was told this is not the point. I disagree. I cannot honour this day while there remains a double edge. Those who died by a hand of their own kind, also died in prison. We cannot cry "justice" when we do not live it ourselves. Inmates all over the world know what little prison does to help a person. If we don't help each other, what is left? I think we should take Prison Justice Day '81 to honour these other souls. Their deaths are no less tragic.

In Support:

Prison Justice Day? I supported it wholeheartedly this year, and I will continue to support it until inmates cease to die in prisons across the country. Whether or not they die by their own hand, someone else's, or through incompetence or neglect, is of little consequence. The fact remains. . .they die. Any death in a prison setting is tragic, one no more or less than the other. There is always a reason for the death, and this is what I am fighting—why I am supporting Prison Justice Day.

Idea for illustration gratis Weight Watchers

VANC. PROV. Aug. 11/80 page A

Prisoners reject meals to support 'justice day'

Convicts in federal prisons in B.C. turned away meals Sunday in a show of support for "prison justice day" across Canada.

At the medium-security Matsqui institution only 14 of the prison population of 340 ate breakfast Sunday, said a penitentiaries service spokesman. One hundred and thirty prisoners at the Kent maximum-security prison and 150 at Mission institution were reported to be unanimously supporting the protest.

The spokesman also said some prisoners at William Head institution on Vancouver Island were refusing to eat regular meals but there was a run on hot dogs at the prison canteen.

"Prison justice day" was first declared by prisoners' rights groups to mark the 1976 deaths of two prisoners in solitary confinement at the maximum-security Millhaven penitentiary in Kingston, Ont.

Sunday's protest also extended to one of B.C.'s provincial jails. Officials at Oakalla in Burnaby said only about half of the prisoners were refusing to eat. A prisoners' rights group observed the day with a 24-hour vigil outside the gates.

Vancouver Sun Aug.11/80

B.C. convicts refuse food to mark prison justice day

B.C. prisoners participated heavily Sunday in prison justice day across Canada by refusing meals.

Spokesman Jack Stewart of the Canadian Penitentiary Service said almost all prisoners refused food.

All 141 men at the Kent institution, the new maximum-security prison which replaced the B.C. penitentiary, refused at least one meal.

The 126 prisoners at the medium-security William Head institution participated in the fast — but made a run on canteen hot dogs — while most of 172 men at Mission took part.

At the medium-security Matsqui institution, only 14 of the prison population of 340 ate breakfast Sunday, Stewart said.

Prisoners scheduled to work in the kitchen also refused to serve food.

Officials at the Lower Mainland regional correctional centre, a provincial institution, said only about half of the prisoners were refusing to eat. A prisoner rights group observed the day with a 24-hour vigil outside the prison's gates.

In the Atlantic provinces, 265 of 357 prisoners refused lunch while the only participants in the fast in Quebec were 90 of the 449 men at the Laval maximum-security prison.

In Ontario, all 371 prisoners at the Collins Bay medium-security institution refused lunch and most didn't eat breakfast or supper either. At Millhaven, where the day of protest started in 1975, 252 of 282 men boycotted lunch and supper.

Penitentiary service officials said participation by prisoners was also high at Warkworth and Joyceville, two medium-security institutions, at Bath, a minimum-security prison, and at the Kingston prison for women.

In the Prairies, meals were not even prepared at the maximum-security Edmonton institution. Prisoners and jail officials agreed in advance not to bother cooking for the 112 men who planned to join the fast.

About half of the men at the Saskatchewan penitentiary near Prince Albert and at the medium-security institution at Drumheller, Alberta, took part, while 231 of 381 convicts at Stoney Mountain prison participated.

The correctional service had no word on the situation in Manitoba and officials there refused to comment.

Prison justice day was first declared by prisoners' rights groups to mark the 1976 deaths of two prisoners in solitary confinement at Millhaven. Organizers say it is continued to protest against the high number of prison deaths and the use of solitary confinement.

Prison vigils planned

OTTAWA (CP) — Prisoners will fast today while demonstrators in major cities call attention to "the brutal reality of prison life" in Canada.

This year's demonstrations will focus on the suicides, homicides, accidental deaths and self-inflicted injuries that occur in prisons. In Burnaby, there will be a 24-hour fast and vigil sponsored by a prisoners rights group outside Oakalla Regional Detention Centre.

Prison Justice Day was first held Aug. 10, 1975, after Eddie Nalon, a young prisoner at Millhaven Penitentiary in Ontario, died in his cell while guards ignored cries for help from other prisoners.

The annual protest is observed by men and women in a number of federal prisons and by members of civil liberties groups. "The death rate in Canadian prisons is 12 times higher than for the general population of Canada," the civil liberties association said in a news release Friday.

The civil liberties association said nine men have died at Archambault maximum-security prison, about 50 kilometres north of Montreal, in the last 12 months alone.

"We also remember, this year, the shocking self-blinding July 1 of John Burrows, a prisoner at Kent Penitentiary, B.C.," said the association.

"Burrows is the second prisoner to blind himself in a Canadian jail in the last two years, an alarming testimony to the extremes of suffering and self-destructiveness to which prison can drive its captives."

The day will also be devoted to the memory of Jacques Lepage, 22, who hanged himself two weeks ago at the Cornwall, Ont., jail. Lepage had been in the jail since Jan. 12, awaiting a court appearance.

19 July 1980.

Mr. John Braithwaite,
Deputy Commissioner Communications,
Correctional Service of Canada,
340 Laurier Avenue West,
Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0P8.

Dear Mr. Braithwaite,

I am delighted to learn that the Task Force is indeed "giving careful consideration to the women involved, be they prisoners or visitors." I look forward to receiving a copy of the submission by the Kingston Prison for Women, even as I now have the one submitted by the group at Millhaven Institution.

Before leaving this point, I would hope that there will be a reversal of the condition already laid down by Mr. Trono that "conjugal visits would mean more skin frisks" (Whig Standard, Dec. 15/'79). You can be sure that there will be people who would be prepared to forego something even so precious as their visits, even as some already do at open visits where they are obliged to submit to such a degrading procedure. While Mr. Trono went on to add "we've caught quite a bit of contraband going in because of skin frisks" would he be prepared to provide precise statistics, since it is our understanding that at Matsqui and Kent Institutions where this has been carried out, no contraband was found, nor were there any grounds for suspicion in terms of previous records.

Much as I dislike having to disagree with you, when you state that "it is the press who have referred to the program as 'conjugal visits' - at no time has the Minister, the Commissioner or any other member of staff designated the program as 'conjugal visits'" - let me offer the following contra-indications:

In my own personal discussions with the Commissioner, the Warden at Millhaven, and the Regional Director General of Ontario Federal Prisons, the term 'conjugal visits' was constantly used. Recognizing the professional standards of Karl Polzer of the Whig-Standard, I accepted as accurate his quotations:

> "I can't actually think of any good reason why they shouldn't have conjugal visits." (Dec. 14/'79), Dr. William Marshall, the Queens University Professor who for the last six years has worked in the Regional Psychiatric Centre here.
>
> "For philosophical reasons I'm not so sure that I'm against conjugal visits", but he added "I think the Administration, the Wardens and I, right now are not too favorably inclined towards conjugal visits." (Dec. 15/'79) Mr. A. Trono.

While there were many other similar references to conjugal visits made by Mr. Trono, I am offering only those which were quoted directly. This is not to infer that the term 'family visits' was not also used on occasion.

In the same article I should draw your attention to the obscenity spewed forth by one of your officials, referring to conjugal visits as "an oil change". Prisoners have been known to be sent to segregation for less

verbal abuse than that.

"The principle" (of conjugal visiting) was opposed by Henry Neufeld, Warden of Millhaven, in the same article. "The biggest problem is not the conjugal visiting 'per se'" he went on to discuss. . .

"As far as I'm concerned, conjugal visiting should begin in 1980. We clearly have to face up to the issue of conjugal visiting and we hope that the Canadian public would understand that."
(Dec. 15/'79) D. R. Yeomans, Commissioner.

It is probably Sheila Henriksen, the service's Director of Community and Social Programs, who stated in this same article: "at this point. . . we prefer to call it that (private family visits) rather than conjugal visits", to whom you referred as the staff who does not designate the program as conjugal visiting.

And finally, what appears to be an editorial in LIAISON (date unknown) headed CONJUGAL VISITING SURVEYED, this particular term is used throughout, and as such could reasonably be (mis)understood to represent the Solicitor General's views, since it is an official journal.

So much for that point.

When you counter the establishment of this visiting program with "another endeavour which, hopefully, will bring this matter (long term sentences) up for review is the current study and review of all forms of conditional release", you will appreciate, I am sure, the extreme difficulty I have with that one, when all the evidence points to the opposite emphasis. To name just a few:

a) no known public resistance to the 25 year sentence legislation,
b) lifting of the moratorium of prison construction - 'if you build 'em, you'll fill 'em' - as the saying goes,
c) the incredible autocracy of the parole system continues to curtail, revoke, lengthen - at will and accountable to absolutely no one - thereby increasing the time being served by more and more people,
d) since 1970, the Mandatory Supervision ruling, with its record of returning an unprecedented number of people to prison even during a period which should designate them as completely free, on their remission time.

Perhaps you'll forgive me for asking '<u>what</u> current study? <u>what</u> review of all forms of conditional release?'

You also took exception to my use of the term "the big lie technique" as being "somewhat less than pleasant". May I remind you when I first used that expression publicly: At the Conference on Female Offenders at Simon Fraser University, January 1979, the then Solicitor-General, J. J. Blais, made the headlines proclaiming that the Kingston Prison for Women was to be shut down. However, a resource person later explained in a Workshop that there was no set date since there were known 'legal constraints' which actually impeded such a closure. All such plans to close this prison have since been set aside, it has been formally declared.

I also used that expression publicly at the Conference on Incarcerated Offenders at Harrison Hot Springs in March, 1979, when we were again assured by the same Solicitor-General of his support of Recommendation No. 25 of the Subcommittee Report on the Penitentiary System, which reads: THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM SHOULD BE OPEN AND ACCOUNTABLE TO THE PUBLIC. This proved to be an unfortunately timed announcement as I had just been removed from a busload of (47 other) delegates leaving for an invited tour of Kent Institution, for no specific reason other than that I "would be welcome any time but this time". I was not amused, and if anyone else shared my outrage, they kept it well concealed.

Perhaps the reason I again use this expression is because I find it deceitful that a public image of indulgence is being cultivated at the same time that there are growing inroads into ordinary visiting arrangements. That policy, as you should know, has moved from permission to visit (following security clearance) any prisoner at any institution who places one on their list, to one where we can now visit only one prisoner per institution, and I am advised that steps are being taken to write into Regional directives that we will soon be restricted to visit **only** one prisoner per region, with a view to visiting only one prisoner per penitentiary system, if we are to believe the notation in the visitor's brochure at Kent Institution.

I not only find the expression, "the big lie technique" quite appropriate in this instance, I find something very sinister in the unpublicized moves in this opposite direction, which will significantly decrease existing access between prisoners and the public. In the face of this reality, it matters little how often the Commissioner and the Solicitor-General proclaim that the Canadian prison system is open and accountable.

Moreover, when you protest that "those. . .in the service continue to work to improve the situation" you should know that my criticisms are directed at policy, not at individuals, unless that policy, or lack of policy, or distortion of policy, becomes the end product of human intervention. Where reality is overtaken by wishful thinking, leaving the public ("which is so bloody fickle" according to Mr. Trono, Whig Standard, Dec. 15/'79) equally confused, and then conveniently used to justify every twist and turn of these so-called policies, one would then have to re-examine the role and responsibility of individuals in the Service.

This becomes especially urgent when the other side of the coin reveals the most intense and most unnecessary suffering on the part of so many, leading to an inevitable breakdown in morale, and its multifacet consequences.

What is even more terrifying, in my view, is the continued entrenchment of a system responsible for so much of this needless intensity. You, perhaps better than most, should appreciate my impatience with a perfunctory ". . .making of improvements here and there as opportunities present themselves. . ."

As long as a system tolerates such delayed action together with an acceleration of increased prison space for increased imprisonment periods,

it must expect to be exposed and challenged by growing numbers of people — at which point it becomes your problem, not mine.

I cannot close without expressing my sincere hope that this entire exercise — private family visiting project — will not degenerate into one of tokenism, or worse, an effort predictably calculated to fail and thereby justify it's closure. So far, there appears to be no evidence that one of the most essential features for it's success is being respected, that is, one which the prisoners are pressing for, the involvement of EVERY PRISONERS WHO REQUESTS IT, regardless of her/his official marital status. The eligibility status being described by the Task Force's guidelines, namely, that one would have to be officially married or have had a long term common-law relationship, is not realistic in terms of current mores either in the most respectable (sic) circles of society, nor in prison settings.

It is to be hoped that the mindlessness exhibited at the premature closing of the B. C. Penitentiary where there was little or no provision for proper dispersal of it's P. C. U. population, will not be repeated. This 'error' as everyone now knows, has compounded the difficulties at Kent Institution where no plans were made to accomodate them.

I trust you will be good enough to share this document with Mssrs. Pisapio, Kaplan, Yeomans, Trono and Neufeld, even as I will do the same with those who share their submissions with me, and others such as Mr. Douglas Mooers, the Assistant Project Director, Mr. Karl Polzer who has been quoted in this letter, as well as with Mr. Caswell with whom I have discussed these matters.

Thank you for the opportunity to clarify my position since you never seem to be able to spare the time to do so in personal conversation when our paths do happen to cross.

Yours sincerely,

Signed by Claire Culhane,
For: Prisoners Rights Group
(PRG)

June 27th, 1980.

Tightwire Publications,
c/o Beverly Whitney,
Kingston, Ontario.

The following letter is written with, for and about prisoners who have fallen victim to Ottawa's prize package deal; which they call "an inter-regional exchange of negative elements", but we refer to as involuntary transfers. . .or in reality. . .kidnapped.

Though this type of move has been done periodically from time to time over the years since prisons came into being in Canada; it is not until February 29th, 1980, that a group of prisoners from various prisons in Canada all involuntarily transferred to Quebec, decided to protest such a move for the benefit of not only themselves, but for the future of all other prisoners.

The protest (continuing as of this writing) was and is from the beginning a peaceful one and although there has been tremendous provocation from administration authorities and guards, it has and will remain one.

The time spent in the hole and four (4) months in segregation has certainly been no picnic, but worse than the 23 hours spent in one's cell from day to day, is the psychological pressure on experiences; the thoughts and constant wonder of what unexpected thing is to occur next!

Arriving in Archambault from *Prince Albert, Dorchester and Millhaven none of the prisoners were at all pleased (to say the least) about being removed from their families, loved ones and their culture.

Discussions concerning the involuntary transfer were frequent and after almost three (3) weeks of voicing each other's opinions; it was finally decided that if we were to accept such a move then involuntary transfers would only continue and other prisoners would be shuffled around the country as often as Ottawa saw fit to do so. Therefore, when we were asked by Archambault authorities to change our cell locations and report to the workboard we simply refused to have anything to do with integrating into the normal functions of the prisoners' program, as we had not asked to be transferred and thereby felt if we intended to make a stand that the time was now.

Consequently, for "refusing to integrate into the normal population procedure", we were placed into the hole in Archambault on February 29th, 1980 and held there until April 18th, 1980; when Jack McNeil and myself were transferred to Laval Institution. . .old Saint Vincent De Paul. . . and placed in administrative segregation. Tim Merrithew and Stan Mingo were sent over approximately one week later on the 25th of April, 1980. Jack McNeil and this writer were held in the hold under primitive disassociation rules for the full fifty (50) days; and Stan Mingo and Tim Merrithew were held under the same conditions for fifty-five (55) days.

*Two prisoners originally involuntarily transferred from Kent and Millhaven.

These conditions being (i) No reading material until 3:30 p.m. (all reading material taken from cell at approximately 7:30 a.m. give or take fifteen (15) minutes). (ii) Mattress and bedding taken same time and returned same time as reading material. (iii) Cold meals and steady harassment by guards refusing to speak English to us. This procedure being used at Archambault is contrary to the conditions set out in the Commissioner's Directive. Unless a person is taken before the Disciplinary Court and thereby sentenced to x number of days (the maximum being 30 days consecutive) that person then is entitled to full priviledges. Hence, after serving our 30 days we should have been allowed a mattress and bedding for the remaining time we spent in the hole.

The other prisoners who saw fit to protest this involuntary transfer are Jack Mahoney. . .who was involuntarily transferred to Prince Albert Penitentiary in Saskatchewan from Millhaven in December, 1979 and held 21 days in the hole there and put into administrative segregation and held there until February 6th, 1980 when he was once again transferred along with other prisoners to Quebec. . .Russel Rafuse involuntarily transferred from Kent Institution in Prince Albert and like Jack Mahoney not given the chance to enter population, but once again kidnapped to Quebec on February 6th, 1980. . .John Ferguson was kidnapped from Dorchestor to Quebec and also, Mel Miller on February 6th, 1980. . .Tony Speciale was involuntarily transferred from Millhaven to Kingston Penitentiary on July 31st, 1979; and held in the hold until August 22, 1979 and involuntarily transferred to Prince Albert, kept in hole/seg. for 2 months then sent to Dorchestor, and held in segregation for 3 weeks, then put in population. Again transferred to Millhaven on a court order on May 1st, 1980 and placed in the hole. Returned to Dorchestor on May 14th, 1980 and placed in segregation. Now is here with us in Laval Institution in segregation as of June 16th, 1980. . .the above mentioned prisoners, Jack McNeil and Tim Merrithew were involuntarily transferred from Dorchestor to Archambault on February 6th, 1980. . .at that time Jack McNeil had but six (6) months remaining before his release and was (along with Tim Merrithew) already under stronger security conditions than he was shipped!. . .Stan Mingo was previously involuntarily shipped from Kent Institution (B. C.) to Millhaven and once again, after only one and one half (1½) months in Millhaven, transferred unwillingly to Quebec also along with me on February 6th, 1980. . . Jack Mahoney and Mel Miller also spent 52 days in the hole in Archambault as a form of protest before also being transferred here, to Laval and placed in administrative segregation.

Whether a person has done x number of days in the hole is immaterial, it was pointed out simply to show whomever is reading this the inconvenience one sometimes has to put up with in order to prove a point. That being; (We as prisoners are not willing to accept the fact that we be shuffled around the country at the whim of prison administrators for no conclusive reason except "suspicion" and the catch 22 of all phrases, 'For the well-being and good order of the institution'.)

We are all maximum prisoners and were shipped from one maximum to another maximum, which is not unlike firing an incompetent doctor from hospital only to find him practising in another hospital.

The fact is everyone of that was kidnapped was in a maximum and therefore, security reasons are unfounded for instituting such a move.

Removing a person from his family and loved ones and placing him into a completely different environment than that he is accustomed to, leads to nothing but frustration and bitterness, causing serious tension and uneasiness amongst the prisons they are forced to go to. A perfect example is the latest disturbance at Dorchestor Penitentiary in New Brunswick. . . The prisoners are always the scape-goats when these outbreaks of frustration occur. No one seems to take any serious steps as to why. Ottawa creates tension by way of their own mismanagement. In 1972 the super-maximum unit in Quebec was officially closed down, in 1973 a group of prisoners were involuntarily transferred to the super-maximum unit with full knowledge it was closed down. . . Did Ottawa return these prisoners back to the institutions? No! They locked them up in Saint Vincent de Paul in Cell Block #1, 23 hours a day for over a year. Their misfortune ended when hostages were taken and demands were met to transfer the prisoners to institutions of their choice. They had no other alternative but to resort to violence. Violence it seems is all that the people in Ottawa and person in Regional Headquarters understand. . . When one of their employee's life is at stake they are willing to talk and negotiate for things that could easily have been worked out and settled months and even years before.

The federal Government loves to release year after year the statistics on how much it costs to keep a maximum prisoner incarcerated. Solicitor General Robert Kaplan was recently quoted as saying "it cost the taxpayers $29,000 a year to house a maximum security prisoner". How much of that was spent on researching the continuing problem of Involuntary Transfers? If any at all! The federal government is instituting conjugal visits as they claim it "will keep families together"; why then are they transferring people all overthe country? Also these transfers do not come cheaply for the taxpayers.

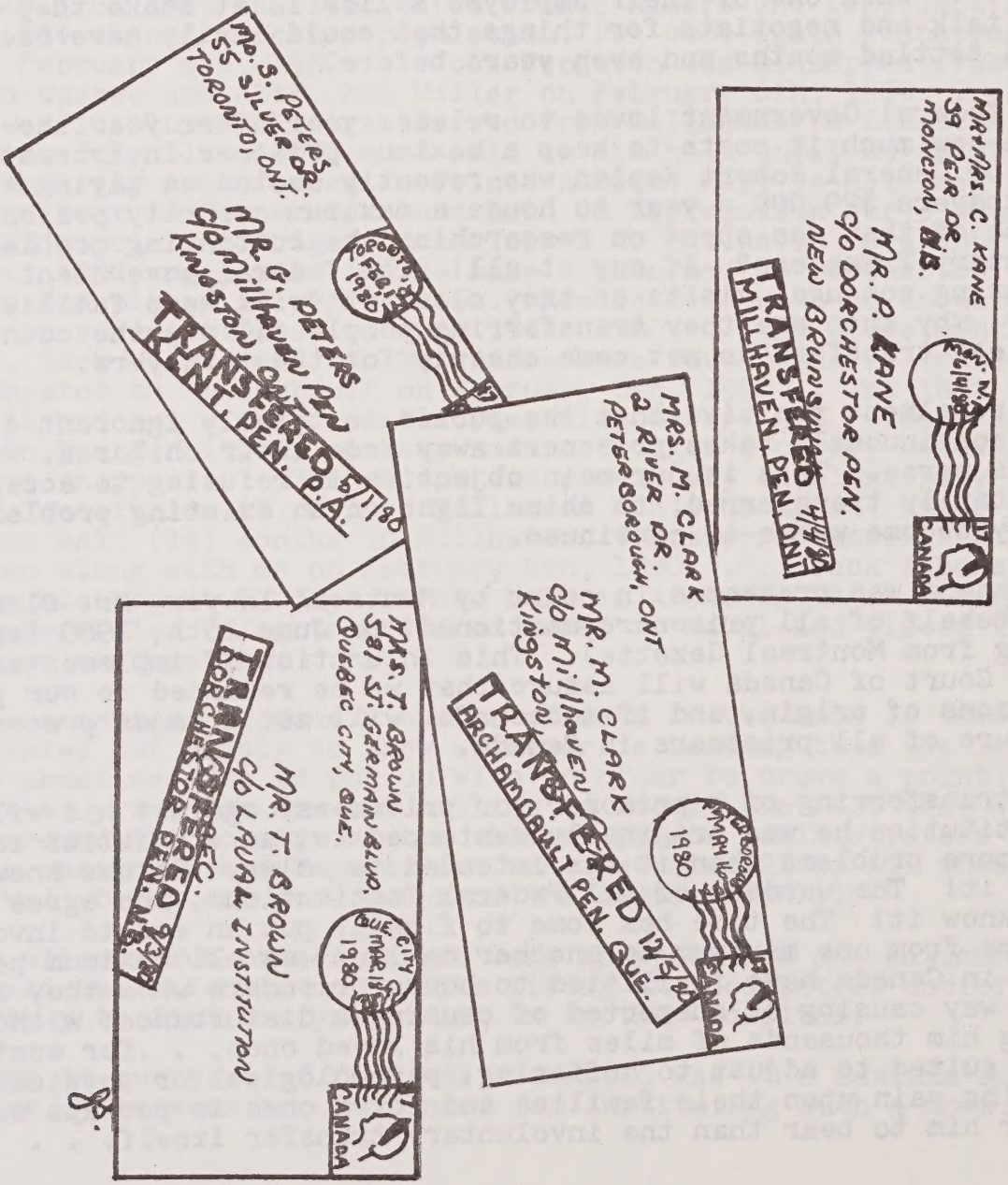
We are almost positive that the public is totally ignorant of the way Ottawa continuously takes prisoners away from their children, wives, and visitors perse. This is our main objective in refusing to accept being involuntarily transferred; to shine light on an existing problem that can only become worse if continued.

A mandana was presented in court by Montreal lawyer, Mr. Claude Lanctot on behalf of all prisoners mentioned, on June 25th, 1980 (enclosed clipping from Montreal Gazette). This injunction if implemented by the Federal Court of Canada will assure that we be returned to our provinces and prisons of origin, and if successful will set a major precedent for the future of all prisoners in Canada.

The transferring of a prisoner (or prisoners) against his will from the institution he was originally sentenced to, as statistics show, causes more problems than it was intended to solve. Ottawa knows this! We know it! The wardens of all Federal Institutions, who agree to such moves, know it! The time has come to finally put an end to involuntary transfers from one maximum to another maximum, as all maximum penitentiaries in Canada have facilities to house prisoners whom they feel are in some way causing or suspected of causing a disturbance; without transferring him thousands of miles from his loved ones. . .for most prisoners are suited to adjust to suffering, psychological or physical, but inflicting pain upon their families and loved ones is perhaps more torture for him to bear than the involuntary transfer itself. . .

Write to Ottawa and voice your opinion, get involved, put an end to Involuntary Transfers Once And For All.

R. Camphaug on behalf of all prisoners mentioned and all those prisoners and their families who have suffered because of Involuntary Transfers.



June 29th, 1980.

Dear Ms. Whitney:

I would like to comment on an article Mr. Yeoman's wrote and was placed in your paper, the Tightwire, March and April, 1980 issue.

It's to do with the fact that he feels that only the solitary confinement unit in British Columbia is cruel and unusual punishment.

I would like to add that in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, an identical solitary confinement unit was built in 1972 and to this day is still being used.

The solitary confinement in the new Kent prison in British Columbia is no joy. The yard is just an oversized cell, the windows were welded shut last September, 1979, cutting off ventilation. And one must use a bucket for a toilet. One shower a week. Food is cold and you wear socks only on a cold floor.

Then Kingston solitary confinement (Kingston dungeon), the ventilation is close to nil, the window that the sun is to shine through is so dirty and high up and openless, you get no sunshine. There's no heat whatsoever. You have a cement slab for a bed 6 inches off the floor and a thin mattress as hard as rock. The dirt, grime and filth on the walls and toilets, there's just no word for it. It has a solid door, food's always cold and you're only permitted to wear socks on the cold cement floor.

Archambault solitary confinement unit is no party, the food's cold always when brought to you three times a day, bad ventilation, no heat, the yard is again just an oversized cell. Every half hour you have to put up with a loud banging of the gate, it's got solid doors and a bright light is on 24 hours a day, and one wears only sock to protect his feet from a cold floor; and you get skin frisked coming in and out of the yard every day.

Saint Vincent De Paul, Quebec, solitary confinement unit is sickening. . . Thousands of cockroaches, only a 40 watt light bulb 15 or so feet high making it impossible to read when and if you get a book. . . No heat, no air, food packed from kitchen on your tray making it cold when given to you. Solid doors and the filth and grime on the walls is unspeakable. Also 6 inches or so bed off floor with thin hard mattress to sleep on and you're cold during the day until you get your mattress at 3:30 p.m. which is taken away in the morning.

I would like to add that prisoners do more than 30 days at one time. Prisoners do months on end, last year one prisoner did 110 days in Millhaven. I just finished 55 days in Archambault as did three other prisoners. At Saint Vincent De Paul a prisoner just finished 40 days. These are just a few examples. These are common occurrances across Canada.

And to top it all off there's the frustration and abuse and tension brought on by the immature sadistic guards.

I would also like to comment on the so-called grievance procedure Mr. Yeomans is so confident in. It takes months on end before it reaches the last stage which is Mr. Yeomans' office. Each level it is sent to take time answering and most every time the door is shut in your face. . .and some are just lost. . .so from all this a lot of prisoners just don't want the aggravation and frustration that is brought on by the system. Myself, I have a grievance in and it's been 5 months and it is only at the 3rd level and will be 3 more months before it's finished. By then it's too late, I've already suffered the inconvenience.

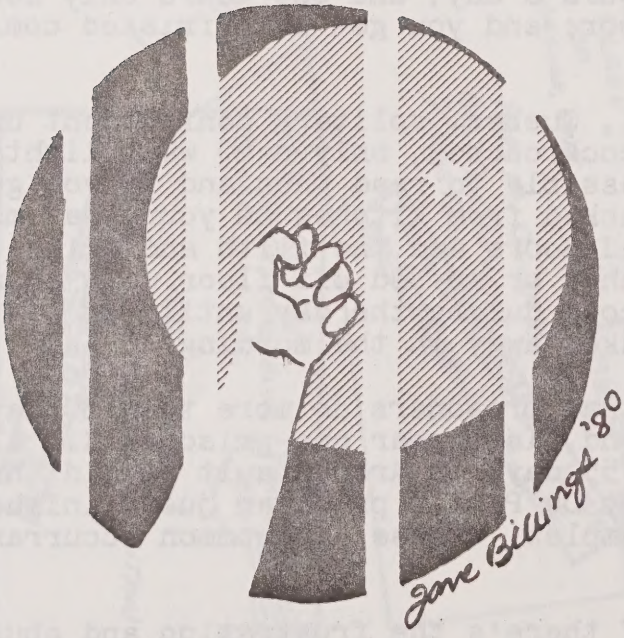
And if this grievance procedure did work as Mr. Yeomans says there would not be any riots, hostage takings, strikes. I write from experience in all the above stated and what is written in this article and 90% of my fellow inmates follow these views.

In closing, if Mr. Yeomans was so concerned about riots, strikes and sit downs, why is he continually allowing wardens to authorize the transfers of prisoners thousands of miles away from their loved ones????

There's two sides to every story, and Mr. Yeomans gets his second hand. I and many others live it. His article is a typical, negative defence of the sub-human conditions in Canadian Prisons.

Written by:

Stan Mingo
#6327
Saint Vincent De Paul
Quebec



INVOLUNTARY TRANSFERS: AN INJUSTICE TO THE MIND

I have been subjected to involuntary transfers ever since I've started doing time, five years ago. I was transferred down here, to the Prison for Women, in January, 1976, when I was doing a sentence of two years less a day, and it happened to come about two months before I turned seventeen years old.

I wasn't given any proper hearing for such a transfer. I was thrown in the hole a week before I was transferred. I was also their guinea pig for electro-shock treatments, and I was heavily sedated with medication before I was transferred. I didn't know whether I was coming or going when I was transferred down here.

I was told that the Prison for Women was the place to rehabilitate me, and being that I was doing time for an armed robbery and kidnapping, and that I was involved with physical assaults on the authorities and other inmates, plus I was classified 'violent and militant' - I was transferred because I was 'a threat to the good order of the institution'. Six months later I filed a case of habeas corpus, and lost.

In 1977 I was released after 16 months here. In January, 1979 I was back at the same institution doing one year for a robbery with violence. I was given the choice of being transferred or put on medication that would 'cool me down' and keep me quiet. I took the transfer. In August, 1979 I was released from the Prison for Women again. In November, 1979, I was sentenced to one year for prison break, to be served in a maximum security prison, and I was on my way to the Prison for Women once again, where I still am.

I am very upset about this sentence of one year in maximum security, particularly under section 137 (1) (b) of the Criminal Code. I am being subjected to mandatory supervision because of this sentence now. I do not feel that it's right that I should be on mandatory supervision because I was sentenced to do my time in maximum security and it's only a sentence of one year. So I'd like to know where they've got this idea that I should be subjected to mandatory supervision on a one year sentence??? I've had to break off ties with my family and friends because of these involuntary transfers. It has brought me a long way from home and has put me in a position where I only have contact with my family and friends through correspondence and phone calls.

In 1976 my grandparents passed away, and I was unable to attend their funeral because of being so far away from my home. I am also still upset about that. What if something else happens to my family? How am I supposed to get home? Will I even be allowed out of this institution? I am originally from Saskatchewan and all my family are living in British Columbia. Do the people who take it upon themselves to involuntarily transfer a prisoners one thousand miles away from home have any feelings?

I will be released in November of this year, and there is really nothing I can do about my sentence or being transferred now. But I would like to bring it to people's attention that these involuntary transfers have to stop! It is an injustice to the mind, having to be taken from your home province, where your family and friends are, and being so far away from them there is no hope in having visits, or any close contact with them, excep through correspondence and phone calls,

and I don't think there are many of us that would write all our thoughts down on paper, or talk about it over the telephone.

So for all of us that have been involuntarily transferred;

Stay strong.

Lise Anastasi

A MALE CHAUVINIST'S GUIDE TO LIBERATION

BY DON SMITH

Ker-chunk! She sinks the eight-ball. The winner is my wife. For the past two months, we've been playing snooker almost every day in a small pool hall on the north edge of Toronto's garment district. Outside, the building sports a gaudy illuminated sign: "Guys and Dolls. Dolls Play, Guys Play Free," it says in bold letters.

She's been winning a lot lately. The first time she beat me, I bought her a two-piece pool cue like the one Paul Newman used as Fast Eddy in *The Hustler*. I'm not too sure of my motives in doing that. She wasn't really good enough to rate her own pool cue, but I wanted to do something decisive to cut into the aura of male chauvinism that permeated the place. Eyes glued to mini skirts as girls bent over to take their shots, patronizing tolerance of the female amateur — that sort of thing.

Before I bought her the cue, it got so bad that I couldn't be "on" or good without getting the feeling that everybody was watching our table and getting their kicks out of another male put-down. At that stage, I was enjoying their shocked expressions every time she made a tricky shot.

Anyway, the personal pool cue did the trick. The manager — a nice but nervous-looking fellow — rushed over as soon as we walked in with it tucked into its phallic black leather case. He wanted to know how much I had paid for it (he assumed, correctly, that I had bought it for her). Then he took it away and filed down the tip so it was level. He made a big thing out of presenting it to her freshly chalked; he wasn't being patronizing at all; his solicitude was purely professional. The cue affected the other patrons of the establishment as well. It was as if they suddenly realized that my wife was committed to playing serious pool. Maybe even some day for money.

I'm married to a committed women's liberationist. And I'm not afraid to admit that I've learned a lot, although perhaps never enough, from her and other people about what it really means to treat a woman as an individual. I mean what it means for an ordinary, thirty-year-old man — a product of the 1950s (Elvis Presley, customized cars, "going steady," and TV programmes like *Father Knows Best*) — to treat a woman as an individual.

Perhaps a bit of background will help to put what I'm going to say into some kind of context. The product of what used to be referred to on Children's Aid dossiers as a "broken family," I spent most of my pre-adolescence living with my mother and my sister. My relationship to them, at least as far as I was concerned, was that of the Great Protector (I was older than my sister). It wasn't that I felt that I had to defend them physically, but just that I somehow felt emotionally responsible for both of them. If they were upset, I could put my arm around them and calm them down. For some reason or other, I didn't want or expect the same kind of solace from them.

Because my mother was a university teacher, we made it into the middle class pretty quickly (about the time I was eight or nine years old) even though she was a single parent. Although she worked very hard to get us there — I recall nights when the typewriter clacked into the early hours of the morning — the situation also imposed extra duties on my sister and me. This meant some special things for me as a boy. By the time I was ten, I could cook reasonably well and I remember being surprised later, when I was in the Navy, at the number of my barrack's mates who could not iron their uniforms.

Though I had no father, as such, I was aware of some pressure from my mother to be successful, especially academically. The move from high school to university was an automatic one for me, almost a given, as was the transition from undergraduate to graduate student. I'm certain she would deny it, but I think my mother was bitterly disappointed by my decision not to go beyond a Masters degree in English — her subject — and, consequently, it was a decision I felt extremely guilty about. And still do.

Throughout both high school and university I went out with girls in ways that were normal for the times. Bare-breasted snuggles in parked cars, "living with someone" experiences in university. I had no idea at all of what a mature sexual relationship with someone involved, although I thought I cared deeply about some of the women I knew. I never really thought much about marriage — even then, it wasn't a commitment one wished on oneself too quickly — and fatherhood would have been a financial and psychological disaster.

Shortly after I got my first job with a Toronto publishing firm, I fell in love with a remarkable woman and got married. I'd known her for a long time, about ten years, and, on reflection, I think I married her because I had learned — or so I thought at that time — not to be afraid of her. Brilliant, she had made first-class marks all the way through university, had received the very tough Bachelor of Philosophy degree from Oxford University, and, on the strength of all this, snagged a job as the first "lady philosopher" in the University of Toronto's philosophy department.

The foundation of the relationship was for me the same one that I had experienced with my mother and sister. I thought that I could, in some ill-defined sense, "take care" of her. And, when we started married life, she thought that was all right, too.

We launched married life as a swinging young couple — we even had a flashy sports car. Children, we felt, were the natural expression of the tenderness we had for each other. They had nothing at all to do with dirty diapers, new shoes every three months and all the rest of the kiddy paraphernalia. They were a romantic extension of ourselves. Like millions of other couples, we learned what children were all about only after we had one (this eventually became three). They were still the outward and visible signs of the way we felt about each other, but they were also very, very

demanding. It's not at all difficult to see why many women regard them as the instruments of their oppression.

It was after we had our first child that our lifestyle started radically to change. Incidentally, this was the mid- to late 1960s, when the women's liberation movement was beginning to gather momentum. For me, I guess it was the point when it hit me emotionally (I had accepted the fact intellectually for a long time) that my wife was not going to give up her career for the child. Not only was she not going to give it up, she wasn't going to let the child affect her activities outside the nuclear family any more than was absolutely necessary. From my viewpoint, it wasn't so much that I expected her to give up everything she had worked for in terms of her career as soon as she had a baby, as that I was totally unprepared for what it meant for me if she didn't.

She wasn't being hard-hearted or unloving towards the child. It was just that she felt that it was her right to have as much of a life outside of the family as I had. It was a hell of a lot easier for me to have that "freedom," if you want to call it that, since society understands, condones and even encourages most men to live outside their wives and families.

I can't remember when the crunch came. It was just that gradually I found myself being forced to take an equal responsibility for what was happening at home, regardless of the crises and deadlines at work. In other words, if a child had to be fed or taken to the doctor or for some other reason required attention, it was not always her who looked after it. I began to feel myself in an extremely awkward position with the job — which, after all I had taken on to look after my wife and family — on one side and my wife on the other.

It wasn't easy, and it still isn't, to be firm with employers about leaving the office fairly often on "family matters" (except for emergencies, they're supposed to be squeezed in after hours). Mind you, both of our salaries were still going into my bank account. I complained about new clothes and other things she bought, she did most of the meal planning and cooking for myself and the girl we employed to help with the children, and she bought most of the kids' clothes.

Still, I thought I was taking my fair share of the home responsibilities. In fact, I prided myself on how sympathetic I was towards, and how well I understood, the cause of women. Actually, I was merely congratulating myself on how well I was coping with what, deep down, I thought was a pretty intolerable situation. My marriage certainly required more of me than the arrangements my male colleagues at work had with their wives.

After our third child, we abandoned — or tried to abandon — all attempts to live in the nuclear family. Albeit a pretty unusual nuclear family, since both of us were working and we had hired someone to care for the children while we were at our offices. Things by that time were pretty absurd. Our day began at seven a.m. and didn't end until nine at night most days, when the last dinner dish was finally dried and put away. We had help with the children on week days, but on weekends they reverted to us since we had to give our nanny a couple of days off. Which meant we had no time at all for each other.

Many people can live like this. But as our jobs became more responsible and the children started to get older, the tension of coping as a nuclear family, even with a paid outsider's help, soon became unbearable for both of us. Sure, we could have hired someone else to do all of the dirty work for us, but we didn't really want that kind of distance from our children. And the extra expense would have required an even deeper commitment to upwardly mobile careers that we felt were already taking too much out of both of us.

Our last stand as a nuclear family was to buy a big house. Space, we thought, would somehow solve our problems. So we bought a huge, expensive old place in downtown Toronto that had much more *lebensraum* than the cramped cardboard townhouse we'd been living in for a year and a half. The big house was a heady experience at first, but it quickly turned into an albatross. We still had the same responsibilities for the children, plus the additional load of owning and maintaining a giant relic. And so we hit on the idea of turning it and us, along with some similarly harassed and like-minded people, into a commune.

We've lived in that situation for more than a year now. The house has never really achieved the true status of a commune in that incomes were not communalized or work of all kinds equally shared or distinctions between the sexes eliminated. Someone still comes in to help with the expanded number of children on weekdays because the people living in the house either have jobs or want some freedom from child care to do their own work.

In some ways the commune experience has been liberating. Men and women each do a week's meal-planning, shopping and cooking. Generally speaking, baby-sitting has not been a problem, since co-operative arrangements can be worked among the people in the house. Similarly, on weekends when the nanny is off, people have shared getting up on Saturday and Sunday mornings to look after the children.

For some reason or other, however, laundry has been a sore point. The women usually end up doing it. And the same thing is true of sweeping and vacuuming. Usually, the men take out the garbage. With different parents' children involved, there have been unending arguments about how they should be brought up and, in the year and a half of its existence, people have left the house on that issue alone. Because of this flux, we have found joint communal ownership of the living space ill-advised.

The commune experience has been unbelievably rich and unbelievably traumatic. If after it we return to some modified version of the nuclear family (it should be understood that I'm speaking only for myself here), it will be because of a desperate need for privacy and the belief that communes are a poor strategy for coping with high-priced, high-pressured urban living. With the pressures off and in a rural setting, communes might well be a good way of eliminating sexism at home. But as one alternative to the nuclear family so loathed by women's liberationists, they will have to discover a couple of things the best nuclear families have always had: a deep and enduring emotional commitment between the people living in them, balanced by an equally intense willingness to let people live their own lives.

As someone who has experienced both communal and nuclear family living, I have to conclude regretfully at this stage that blood is thicker than water.

What effect has the history I've outlined had on me? Intellectually, a great deal. For one thing, I've become far more aware of how and why men are afraid of women's liberation. It really does terrify them. The crude jokes cracked at its expense in bars, locker rooms and male-dominated business conferences can be legitimately regarded as desperate attempts by frightened men to keep the movement in its place by making light of it.

There are good reasons why men should be afraid of women's liberation. Most men still need to feel powerful — even if the power is an illusion. And their jobs cater to these needs, often in illusory ways. If one can accept what Charles Reich has to say in *The Greening of America* about the Corporate State — that it is, in fact, a leaderless system — then the need to create the illusion of leadership and the power that goes with it is a pressing need indeed.

The tragic irony of this for me, as for other men of my generation, is that the link between job and identity has been constantly driven home, by school, university, the media, Mom and Dad. Who and what you were, were to be determined by the make and size of car you drove and the

title after your name on business letters (just as women's identities have traditionally been a matter of assessing how good they were at being mothers or at being "beautiful").

Yet, just as women have learned how the nuclear family has exploited and oppressed them, more and more men are beginning to realize their impotence and insignificance in the corporate nature of things. They can't change anything at the office — let alone in society at large — because even the smallest procedural modification seems to require the approval of an endless string of executive vice-presidents. Trapped by their growing awareness of their very real impotence in an area that was once crucial to their very beings, men my age (thirty) have not formed a protest movement or revolted — they have accepted their lot and developed some pretty vicious compensations.

Solace begins with small things. The size of the office and desk, the thickness of the carpet, the deference shown the "executive" by doormen, receptionists and janitors. Being able to say "My secretary will look after it," or, "Miss X, do this," are more significant ways in which men find reinforcement at work. It's a matter of clinging to the form of things, not the reality. Even with these indulgences, the absence of any real power is hard to avoid. Lacking any real power at work, a lot of men look for it at home.

One way some men sustain themselves is by forcing their wives to believe in the importance of their work. That way, they gain a true believer and someone they can dominate in more significant ways than secretaries. Secretaries, after all, are concerned only with company business, whereas wives are concerned with husbands' business.

Wives must understand that deadlines at the office are vital and that sacrifices must be made by everyone in the family so they can be met. They must also appreciate that the office is a strain and that a hot meal and sympathy must inflinchingly be served up at day's end.

Love, under such circumstances, is a farce. Something that happens between a man who doesn't really know who he is and a woman who is expected to fill that gaping hole in his psyche, raise his children and further his all-important career. For the woman, it's like trying to have an intimate relationship with a snowman: every time you get close to him, he starts to melt. And if you do manage to get really close to him, it's a cold and very brief experience. For the man, love is the ultimate weapon because it demands something he has already bargained away — himself — and threatens to send all those empty commitments to job and status, which have shaped whatever identity he has, gurgling down the drain.

Roles, involving a sexual put-down of women, are other ways men define their own worth and identity. The great lover or the great intellectual or the great revolutionary. As put-downs, they are all avocations (although some men do manage to make a living out of them) and, in the weird status evaluations of modern society, it's important they remain so. As jobs, they somehow lose their *cachet*. For many men, to lose the cultural prerogative of putting women down, either crudely or cleverly, would be akin to a $60,000 a year company president being fired and having to go on welfare.

Feminist demands for "meaningful" jobs certainly aren't going to change any of this. It's easy to envision a rigidly competitive and non-sexist office environment that leaves the home culturally and structurally untouched. As current developments in day care facilities on this continent suggest — the emergence of day care franchising (Kiddy Kolleges) along the lines of Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken outlets, for example — a whole new service industry may soon spring into being devoted to maintaining the nuclear family while middle-class husbands and wives compete with each other for the dominant goods of our society. The cost of maintaining the fiction that they are still "mothers" and "fathers" in the traditional sense will be monetarily high, either in taxes or in payments for commercial care services. This, of course, will oblige them to compete harder than ever.

Out of the office, nothing will change. Women will don their low-cleavage dresses and drink Brandy Alexanders; men will jump into their muscle cars. Husbands will still *take* their wives places and wives will melt into doting mates and mothers. Men will still back-seat drive; not take women seriously, except sexually, on business trips and at parties; expect them to be charming and alluring hostesses when *their* boss comes to dinner; and leave to them the household coordinating, even if by then it's more a case of supervision than actual elbow grease.

If feminists settle for this they will sell out the women's liberation movement. For, unlike most other movements, the women's liberation movement has enormous potential to alter the structure of our society and to eliminate some of its sexual injustices. It is firmly entrenched in the middle class — which, as Saul Alinsky has observed, is the source from which most future change will flow; it touches a large class of people, namely women; and, if one thinks at all seriously about it, accommodating its needs and demands as a movement will require major adjustments in the ways in which North American society has traditionally kept itself together.

Liberation tomorrow, rather than Now!, appears to me to be the most likely route events will take. As a man who has been affected, and to some extent altered, by the movement, I both respect and fear it. I respect it because its demands are just and the women behind them strong and capable. I fear it because sometimes I think it forgets that men want to be liberated, too.

Emotionally, it's often difficult to accept what is no problem intellectually. To cite a personal example:

Shortly after we turned our house into a commune, my wife and I became known in certain circles as "a liberated couple," of all things.

We were invited to speak to a group of women teachers about what it means to be "liberated." Both my wife and I prepared talks on the subject, really believing we had something to contribute. As it happened, my wife was ill when the day came for us to perform. So I delivered both talks to a room filled with a mixture of professional women of all ages and from both city and country environments. The presentation was extremely well received and the questions asked by the women attending stimulating and intelligent. Some of the comments did marvellous things for my ego: "Oh, I wish my husband were like you," and so on. Our remarks were quoted in the newspapers and one ran a photograph of me, hung-over and in my black leather jacket, chatting with a couple of very intense-looking women.

Because the affair was such a resounding success, a branch of the organization invited us to repeat it in another place. Believing myself by this time to be the world's first male expert on women's liberation, and believing myself to be truly free of male hang-ups, I urged my wife to accept. I handled all the negotiations with the inviting organization and on the selected evening we appeared in a small auditorium in a southern Ontario city in front of an audience of about 125 women.

My wife read her paper first. By the time she finished, my palms were sweating and my mouth was dry. I delivered my talk stammering and shaking. I'm certain, after it was finished, that every woman in the place thought I was a henpecked, bullied husband dragged, kicking and screaming to talk to "a bunch of women."

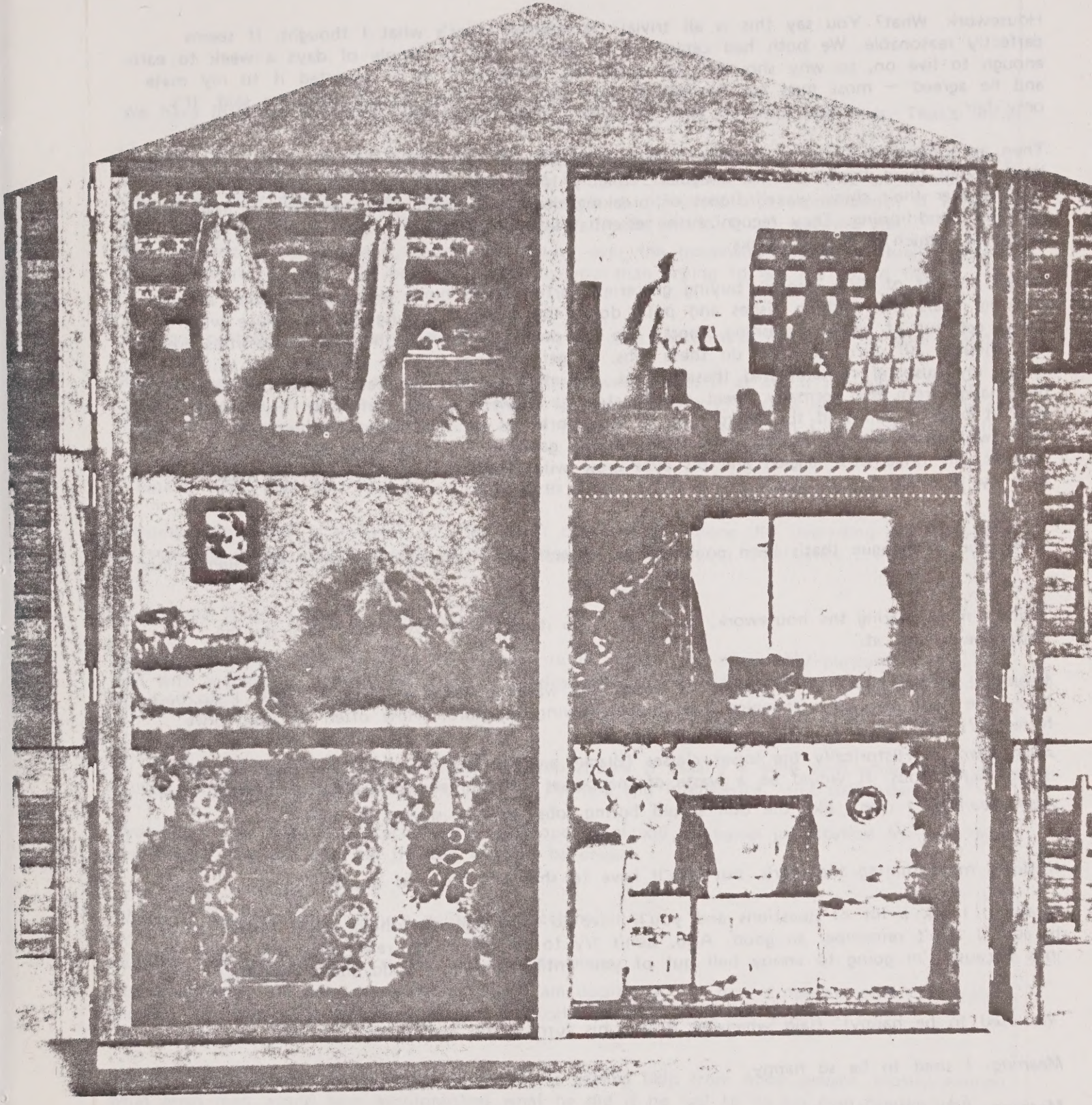
The problem was, you see, that despite everything I had accepted intellectually about women's liberation, I couldn't escape the feeling that I was *competing* with my wife. And, by God, was I threatened. For chauvinists like me, that's the real hang-up. And I can't even begin to pretend I have the answer to it. ○

from SATURDAY NIGHT, May 1972.

FOR COOKIE

To me she is beautiful, and none can compare
To her soft winning smile and her raven black hair.
I gave her my heart and I can still say
That I'll never want to take it away.
Deep in my soul I'll always belong to Cookie
Even though I know she never really belonged to me.
Ever since the very day we first met
She's drawn me to her just like a magnet.
We've quarrelled before and probably will again
But I'll still love her to the very end.
There are none so blind as those who will not see
And this applies very clearly to me.
I won't live a day without her in my heart,
Because in my life she is a vital part.
We both said things that were hurting and cruel
We both broke just about all the rules.
Someday maybe she'll look close and find
That often I still enter her mind.
I pray that when this nightmare is done
I'll reach out and find her heart I've won.
Should that day ever come, when I again hold her hand
Pray God, I'll make no mistakes and I'll live as I've planned.

Love,
Dorothy



The Politics of Housework

Housework. What? You say this is all trivial? Wonderful! That's what I thought. It seems perfectly reasonable. We both had careers, both had to work a couple of days a week to earn enough to live on, so why shouldn't we share the housework? So I suggested it to my mate and he agreed — most men are too hip to turn you down flat. You're right, he said. It's only fair.

Then an interesting thing happened. I can only explain it by stating that we women have been brainwashed more than even we imagine. Probably too many years of seeing media-women coming over their shiny waxed floors or breaking down over their dirty shirt collars. Men have no such conditioning. They recognize the essential fact of housework right from the very beginning. Which is that it stinks.

Here's my list of dirty chores: buying groceries, carting them home and putting them away; cooking meals and washing dishes and pots; doing the laundry; digging out the place when things get out of control; washing floors. The list could go on but the sheer necessities are bad enough. All of us have to do these jobs, or get someone else to do them for us. The longer my husband contemplated these chores, the more repulsed he became, and so proceeded the change from the normally sweet considerate Dr. Jekyll into the crafty Mr. Hyde who would stop at nothing to avoid the horrors of — housework. As he felt himself backed into a corner laden with dirty dishes, brooms, mops and reeking garbage, his front teeth grew longer and pointier, his fingernails haggled and his eyes grew wild. Housework trivial? Not on your life! Just try to share the burden.

So ensued a dialogue that's been going on for several years. Here are some of the high points.

'I don't mind sharing the housework, but I don't do it very well. We should each do the things we're best at.'

Meaning: Unfortunately I'm no good at things like washing dishes or cooking. What I do best is a little light carpentry, changing light bulbs, moving furniture. (How often do you move furniture?)

Also meaning: Historically the lower classes (Blacks and women) have had hundreds of years doing menial jobs. It would be a waste of manpower to train someone else to do them now.

Also meaning: I don't like the dull stupid boring jobs, so you should do them.

'I don't mind sharing the work, but you'll have to show me how to do it.'

Meaning: I ask a lot of questions and you'll have to show me everything, every time I do it, because I don't remember so good. Also, don't try to sit down and read while I'm doing my jobs because I'm going to annoy hell out of you until it's easier to do them yourself.

'We used to be happy!' (said whenever it was his turn to do something)

Meaning: I used to be so happy.

Meaning: Life without housework is bliss. No quarrel here. Perfect agreement.

'We have different standards, and why should I have to work to your standards. That's unfair.'

Meaning: If I begin to get bugged by the dirt and crap, I will say 'This place sure is a sty' or 'How can anyone live like this?' and wait for your reaction. I know that all women have a sore called *guilt over a messy house* or housework is ultimately my responsibility. If I rub this sore long and hard enough it'll bleed and you'll do the work. I can outwait you.
Also meaning: I can provoke innumerable scenes over the housework issue. Eventually, doing all the housework yourself will be less painful to you than trying to get me to do half.

''I've got nothing against sharing the housework, but you can't make me do it on your schedule.'

Meaning: passive resistance. I'll do it when I damn well please, if at all. If my job is doing dishes, it's easier to do them once a week. If taking out laundry, once a month. If washing the floors, once a year. If you don't like it, do it yourself oftener, and then I won't do it at all.

'I hate it more than you. You don't mind it so much.'

Meaning: Housework is shitwork. It's the worst crap I've ever done. It's degrading and humiliating for someone of my intelligence to do it. But for someone of your intelligence ...

'Housework is too trivial to even talk about.'

Meaning: It's even more trivial to do. Housework is beneath my status. My purpose in life is to deal with matters of significance. Yours is to deal with matters of insignificance. You should do the housework.

'In animal societies, wolves, for example, the top animal is usually a male even where he is not chosen for brute strength but on the basis of cunning and intelligence. Isn't that interesting?'

Meaning: I have historical, psychological, anthropological and biological justification for keeping you down. How can you ask the top wolf to be equal?

'Women's liberation isn't really a political movement.'

Meaning: The Revolution is coming too close to home.
Also meaning: I am only interested in how I am oppressed, not how I oppress others. Therefore, the war, the draft and the university are political. Women's liberation is not.

'Man's accomplishments have always depended on getting help from other people, mostly women. What great man would have accomplished what he did if he had to do his own housework?'

Meaning: Oppression is built into the system and I as the white male receive the benefits of this system. I don't want to give them up.

POSTCRIPT

Participatory democracy begins at home. If you are planning to implement your politics, there are certain things to remember.

1. He is feeling it more than you. He's losing some leisure and you're gaining it. The measure of your oppression is his resistance.

2. It is a traumatizing experience for someone who has always thought of himself as being against any oppression or exploitation of one human being by another to realize that in his daily life he has been accepting and implementing (and benefiting from) this exploitation; that his rationalization is little different from that of the racist who says 'Niggers don't feel pain' (women don't mind doing the shitwork), and that the oldest form of oppression in history has been the oppression of 50% of the population by the other 50%.

3. Arm yourself with some knowledge of the psychology of oppressed peoples everywhere and a few facts about the animal kingdom. I admit playing top wolf or who runs the gorillas is silly but as a last resort men bring it up all the time. Talk about bees. If you feel really hostile, bring up the sex life of spiders. After sex, she bites off his head.

   The psychology of oppressed peoples is not silly. Blacks, women, and immigrants have all employed the same psychological mechanisms to survive. Admiring the oppressor, glorifying the oppressor, wanting to be like the oppressor, wanting the oppressor to like them.

4. Keep checking up. Periodically consider who's actually doing the jobs. These things have a way of backsliding so that a year later once again the woman is doing everything. Use time-sheets if necessary. Also bear in mind what the worst jobs are namely the ones that have to be done every day or several times a day. Also the ones that are dirty — it's more pleasant to pick up books, newspapers, etc., than to wash dishes. Alternate the bad jobs. It's the daily rigid grind that gets you down. Also make sure that you don't have the responsibility for the housework with occasional help from him. 'I'll cook dinner for you tonight' implies that it's really your job and isn't he a nice guy to do some of it for you.

5. Most men had a bachelor life during which they did not starve or become encrusted with crud or buried under the litter. There is a taboo that says that women mustn't strain themselves in the presence of men — we haul around fifty pounds of groceries if we have to but aren't allowed to open a jar if there is someone around to do it for us. The reverse side of the coin is that men aren't supposed to be able to take care of themselves without a woman. Both are excuses for making women do the housework.

6. Beware of the double whammy. He won't do the little things he always did because you're now a 'Liberated Woman,' right? Of course, he won't do anything else either....

I was just fininishing this when my husband came in and asked what I was doing. Writing a paper on housework. Housework? he said. *Housework*? Oh my god how trivial can you get. A paper on housework.

Written by Pat Mainardi

Cover photo is from *Womanhouse*, a publication of the Feminist Art Program at the California Institute for the Arts.

THE WOMEN'S KIT
O.I.S.E.
252 Bloor St. W.
Toronto, Ontario

PRIVATE EXTENDED FAMILY VISITS

"Allowing convicts conjugal visits - during which their wives and children could periodically spend a weekend with them. . ." is the opening sentence of a booklet prepared by the Women's group of the Kingston John Howard Society.

Anyone from another planet reading this would marvel at a country where there were no female prisoners - only male. And as they read through the next 14 pages they could be excused for drawing this conclusion, for nowhere is there any reference to a female convict, her needs, or her family problems. This has to be more than the usual imperfect use of the masculine pronoun. This, in fact, illustrates just one of the many gross insensitivities inherent in the Canadian prison system. Because women prisoners represent only a fraction of the total prison population, why bother? However, women prisoners also have marraige partners, children, parents, relatives and friends, and by the very nature of their upbringing, they are usually closer to their families, and particularly to their children. But, why bother? Let's talk about conjugal rights for male prisoners only.

Well, let's talk about it! Why, in the first place, use the term "conjugal visits" which suggests the sexual aspects of marriage. Why not use the more frequently suggested term, "extended family visits", which would emphasize the family aspect while de-emphasizing the disparaging attitude introduced into this debate by some top officials.

It should first be recognized that the need for such family visits would not be taking on such monumental importance were we to reject the statement "the prison service anticipates that the trend toward longer sentences will continue after Parliament voted to end the death penalty. . ." Must we always accept the unacceptable? We now know that the demoralization caused by imprisonment is in direct proportion to the length of time served. Much fuss is made about the failure of so-called rehabilitation programs, and about recidivism which maintains a steady average of approximately 85%. But, little is known about those members of the former Solicitor-General Warren Allmand's committee, who insisted that the 25 year alternative to the death penalty was "absurd", because it simply could not and would not work, and were then dropped from the committee. Four years later 114 prisoners are serving 25 year sentences in Canadian prisons, with no end in view.

Knowing all this, must we unquestionably accept the 25 year alternative (with corresponding increases in the 10, 15, 20 year sentences which go unmentioned) as if it were the word of God, and then proceed to discuss the feasibility of conjugal visiting as if it were the only alternative! This is more like placing the cart before the horse. Instead, let's have done with inhuman sentencing practices, and only then can we proceed intelligently to discuss the humanizing of the remaining incarceration period.

However, like every other area of our lives these days - while keeping an eye on the long term objectives, like staying alive as governments vie with each other to sell arms and nuclear devices calculated to destroy us all - at a profit - we are faced with the reality of the

present moment. People are being imprisoned for longer periods of time, and therefore we are obliged to ensure that they survive the mind-boggling bureaucratic games - the long months and years held in solitary confinement, and the inadequate delivery of health care, to name just a few. Within this context, obviously, we should support the extended private family visit program.

Discussing this subject last October with certain high officials in Kingston, the following points were debated: (I record the answers offered by the writer.)

"What do we do for the guy who isn't married? do we bring in his girl friend? What do we do for the homosexual?"

Answer: Quite simple: allow the prisoners themselves to organize and monitor this project. They can then select the partners they wish to invite. After all, it's nobody's business who their partner is. Assuming everyone will have to pass through tight security, that is all the prison administration needs to concern itself about.

"Would it not be another way for visitors to smuggle contraband, such as weapons or drugs into a prison?"

Answer: The same safeguards could be used as exist for present open contact visits. Prisoners themselves are already skin frisked before and after open visits, in maximum security prisons, so what difference is there between a 4 hour and a 48 hour visit, in this respect. Anyway, no one has yet come up with the answer to how contraband gets into prisons when there are only closed, non-contact visits, or rather, no one in authority is prepared to disclose their findings in such instances.

"For somebody who needs it two or three times a week, what's he going to do (with only one conjugal visit every few months)?"

Answer: No one needs this kind of obscenity - least of all a prisoner who has been sentenced to pass 10 to 25 years in an abnormal environment, deprived of love and contact with family and friends. No one asks prison officials 'how many times a week they need it'. To date, prisoners have generally displayed a willingness to co-operate with any regualtions which will permit them to maintain some degree of family contact.

"If conjugal visiting ever did happen, it would have to be very closely controlled because there's always someone who tries to abuse the system."

Answer: Quite true. Just as there's always someone in the most exclusive golf course, or in the most professional hockey team, who 'tries to abuse the system'. However, there are rules to deal with the culprit. The entire golf course is not shut down, nor is the entire hockey team banned from playing forever. In the same way, any prisoner who 'abuses the system' can be dealt with accordingly, and it need not be used as an excuse to shut down the entire program.

In other words, despite the sincere intention of the majority of prisoners to abide by family visiting regulations, they should not be penalized if and when one of their numbers violates the rules. In fact, this would be an appropriate occasion to end group reprisals altogether - a practice so dearly loved by administrations.

We now come to the crux of the matter. When the Commissioner and the Solicitor-General speak out in favor of a 'conjugal visit program, predicting that it should begin in 1980', but, when other senior officials publicly oppose the same principle, are we being treated to the 'Big Lie' technique — headlines, interviews, proposed plans, all to provide the system with the desired good image, while behind this gratuitous publicity the real miseries continue — men are still being held shackled in solitary confinement (Kent), or slashing up in a group suicide attempt and then being gassed (Laval), and women are still being dragged naked, by a male guard, to the old cow barn (Oakalla); forced transfers are still scooping up unwilling prisoners to move them from one end of the country to the other; adequate medical attention is still more a 'happening' than a guarantee; and throughout all this, the concept of "openness and accountability" remains a myth.

Conjugal visits - properly called extended private family visits, for both male and female prisoners, would be much appreciated. However, short, flat sentences (eliminating parole procedure entirely) and genuine access between prisoners and concerned citizens would represent far more meaningful progress in the Canadian prison system.

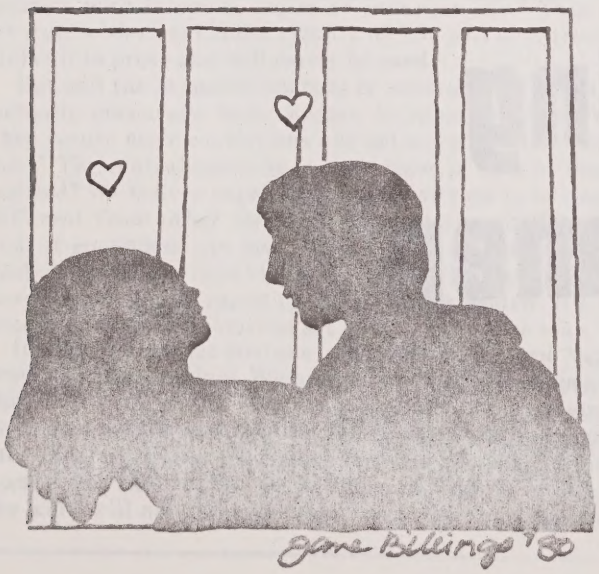
While the situation in Iran continues to shock the world - both the hostage-taking and the reasons for it - it came as a surprise to read that ". . .wives are allowed to visit their husbands at Tehran's notorious Evin prison so that prisoners can satisfy 'their spiritual and sexual needs in complete privacy'", AND "the 18 women held at Evin can also receive similar visits from their husbands". (Vancouver Sun, June 25, 1980.)

Where does civilization start, and where does it end?

Signed by Claire Culhane,

for: Prisoners' rights group (PRG)
3965 Pandora, Burnaby, B. C.

28 June 1980.



Lucia Vernerelli

The Rising of the Women

Macleans Magazine

Podium

Putting rape in its (legal) place

By Leah Cohen and Constance Backhouse

The federal government is about to introduce legislation that will abolish rape with the stroke of a pen—that is, strike the word "rape" from the lawbooks. We think that is wrong. Granted, it must be clear to all but the most sexist observers that the present rape laws are not working. Too few rape victims report their attacks and an insidious moral stigma still attaches to victims. Many proponents for change, such as Lorene Clark and Debra Lewis, Canadian authors of *Rape: The Price of Coercive Sexuality*, say that to improve the situation rape must be removed from the category of sexual offences and reclassified as assault. A second focus for reform is the drive to decrease penalties. Susan Brownmiller, the American author of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, was one of the first to call for this change. "We must normalize the penalties for such an offence and bring them into line more realistically with the penalties for aggravated assault, the crime to which sexual assault is most closely related," she argues. Lesser penalties, it is assumed, will diminish the stigma associated with the offence and contribute to higher rates of conviction.

All three major Canadian federal parties support reforms that would reclassify rape and decrease penalties. Currently, the maximum penalty for rape is life. Sources in Ottawa say that proposed amendments will be introduced in this session of Parliament to abolish the category of rape in favor of a new three-tiered system. The lowest tier, "sexual assault," will cover most forms of rape, with a maximum penalty of five years. The second tier, "sexual assault causing bodily harm or armed with a weapon," will have a maximum 14-year penalty. The most serious forms of rape will fall within the new offence of "sexual assault with intent to maim or endanger life." This last charge, with a maximum penalty of life, will be extremely difficult to prove and will rarely be used.

BRIAN WILLER MACLEAN'S

'Rape is totally different from other physical assaults'

But will the proposed changes be substantive? Will they actually encourage more women to come forward? Will they secure more convictions and act as an effective deterrent? The central question is—can rape, in fact, be desexualized? We believe rape victims perceive rape to be totally different from other forms of physical assault. The fear that it engenders can best be likened to the male fear of castration. As one rape victim has said: "There's something worse about being raped than just being beaten. It's the final humiliation, a political act on the part of the man."

It would be a great mistake to eliminate the word "rape" from the criminal law. We only want rape to disappear if the crime itself goes away. In a completely nonsexist society, rape would be unthinkable. But since our culture generates rape, a peculiar overlap of violence and sex, we don't want to see that reality swept under the rug. To eliminate the word will not eliminate rape itself. We think lowering the penalties will depreciate the seriousness of the offence. John Takach, Ontario's deputy director of Criminal Law and of Crown Attorneys, agrees: "In practice, the range of sentence in Canada for convicted rapists is now four to six years. And this is with a maximum life penalty. If rape, reclassified as sexual assault, can get you anywhere from $50 to five years, where is the deterrence? Where is the stigma of being convicted?" (The situation becomes ludicrous when the proposed penalty structure is compared with other Criminal Code offences. For example, the maximum penalty for sending a letter or making a telephone call threatening to cause injury is 10 years; committing mischief with public property could net you 14 years.)

Lower penalties might make more sense if indeed they lead to a higher rate of conviction. But, as Takach says: "The trial process will continue to be traumatic for the victim. There certainly won't be more convictions. We'll still run into the same issues, the same problems of proof." By changing rape to assault and restructuring the offence, an enormous area would be created for defence counsels to explore. Increased litigation, while lawyers and judges battle out legal arguments, will not improve the situation for rape victims.

One of the major failings of the proposed amendments concerns the issue of consent. Rape is now defined as sexual intercourse without consent. Historically, the difficulty of proving lack of consent has been the main stumbling block in rape trials. There has always been tremendous skepticism about a woman making sexual complaints unless she has been brutally beaten in an attack by a complete stranger. The amendments would in no way alter the requirement that lack of consent be proven. Just as with rape, for the Crown to prove that a sexual assault took place, it would have to convince the court that the woman unequivocally did not consent. Without signs of force on the victim, the defence counsel would still try to establish consent by cross-examining her, often with humiliating results. We believe the new amendments are cosmetic on the issue of consent; they do not alter the law substantively. (Ironically, under our present system, a rapist can be convicted of indecent assault and assault anyway.)

We believe the proposed rape amendments are riddled with discrepancies and irrational assumptions. They would not give rape victims greater protection. Lower penalties would speak loud and clear to society that the crime was no longer as serious as it once was. There is no evidence to suggest we would get a higher rate of convictions. If these amendments become law, we may never have the opportunity to reintr.. luce the legal concept of rape. Before we make such a major commitment, we must reconsider.

Leah Cohen, autho. and public lecturer, and Constance Backhouse, professor of law at the University of Western Ontario, are co-authors of *The Secret Oppression: Sexual Harassment of Working Women*.

THE BRONX DIET

Did the "Scarsdale Diet" leave you feeling weak, inconsolable, desperately deprived? Never mind, dear cream puff, the best-selling author of "The Dieter's Guide To Weight Loss During Sex" understands your more capacious appetites and has nourishing words of encouragement. . .

How Food Affects Health

The concept of food therapy goes back to the twelfth century when, to half infection, wounded knights were given doughnuts. Today, millions consider food the universal healer, using it for everthing from an emotional crisis (marzipan after five nights of horrendous sex) to easing the discomfort of stomach ulcers (sausage and peppers on date-nut bread).

The food-therapy chart, this page, presents but a few of the ways in which food has a positive effect on your physical and mental well-being.

"I tried the 'tiny-bite' system of food control. It took two whole months to eat a banana."
"If one must take nourishment, it might as well be food."

What Is Overeating?

Since individual capacities vary, finding the precise meaning of "too much eating" may be like trying to define "too much sex". Both leave you limp and shaky but it doesn't seem to matter.

The most common definition of overeating, accepted by certain physicians, is "any act of ingestion producing sweating and shivering", or, after eating a seventeen-course meal, pitching face forward into the cherries jubilee.

What Is Undereating?

Stuffing foods you don't like into the couch.

What Are The Symptoms Of Underweight?

You are carrying insufficient poundage if you:
- slide through bench slats.
- rise after jumping from a plane.
- can't be seen.
- have no contours.
- are shy at orgies.

What Are The Symptoms Of Overweight?

You are carrying excess poundage if you:
- bend seesaws.
- displace a volume of water equal to that of a Buick.
- have difficulty jumping once inch into the air.

- hide cookies in the folds of your skin.
- have trouble breathing BEFORE climbing stairs.
- dance without lifting your knees.
- get winded playing touch poker.
- need a winch to enjoy sex.
- rupture waterbeds.
- can't sleep in a pup tent.
- crush mopeds.
- drink from heavy-duty goblets.

"My passion for fudge knows no bounds."
——Arthur Schopenhauer.

"There's more than one way to skin a grapefruit, but who cares?"

Dangers Of Underweight

- lack of body heat. (This is why fashion models gravitate to hairy men with heaters in their car.)
- getting lost in elevators.
- tendency to rise should gravity fail.
- overexposure of bones to sunlight and gamma rays.
- chickenesque appearance when naked.
- wearing children's sizes when you're already in college.
- no resistance to wind.
- inability to leave footprints.
- skimpy shadow.

At-A-Glance Food-Therapy Chart

Affliction	Remedy
Unflattering haircut	Lemon sherbet
Anxiety over job interview	Double scoop icecream cone with sprinkles
Furniture repossessed	Pastrami on rye with mustard
Coughing and coughing	Gargle with tepid borscht
Rejection (by lover, army, American Express)	Large pizza with extra cheese
Traffic ticket	Moussaka
Spotting a U. F. O.	Deep-dish apple pie
Abuse by plumber	Brioche
Blind date resembles a pomegranate	Banana split
Corporate upheaval in which you get upheaved	Gingered crown roast of lamb and five Excedrins
Unresolved Oedipus complex	Hot chocolate and cookies
Frogbite	Chilli
Impotence	Lox

Advantage Of Underweight

- less work for the X-ray machine.

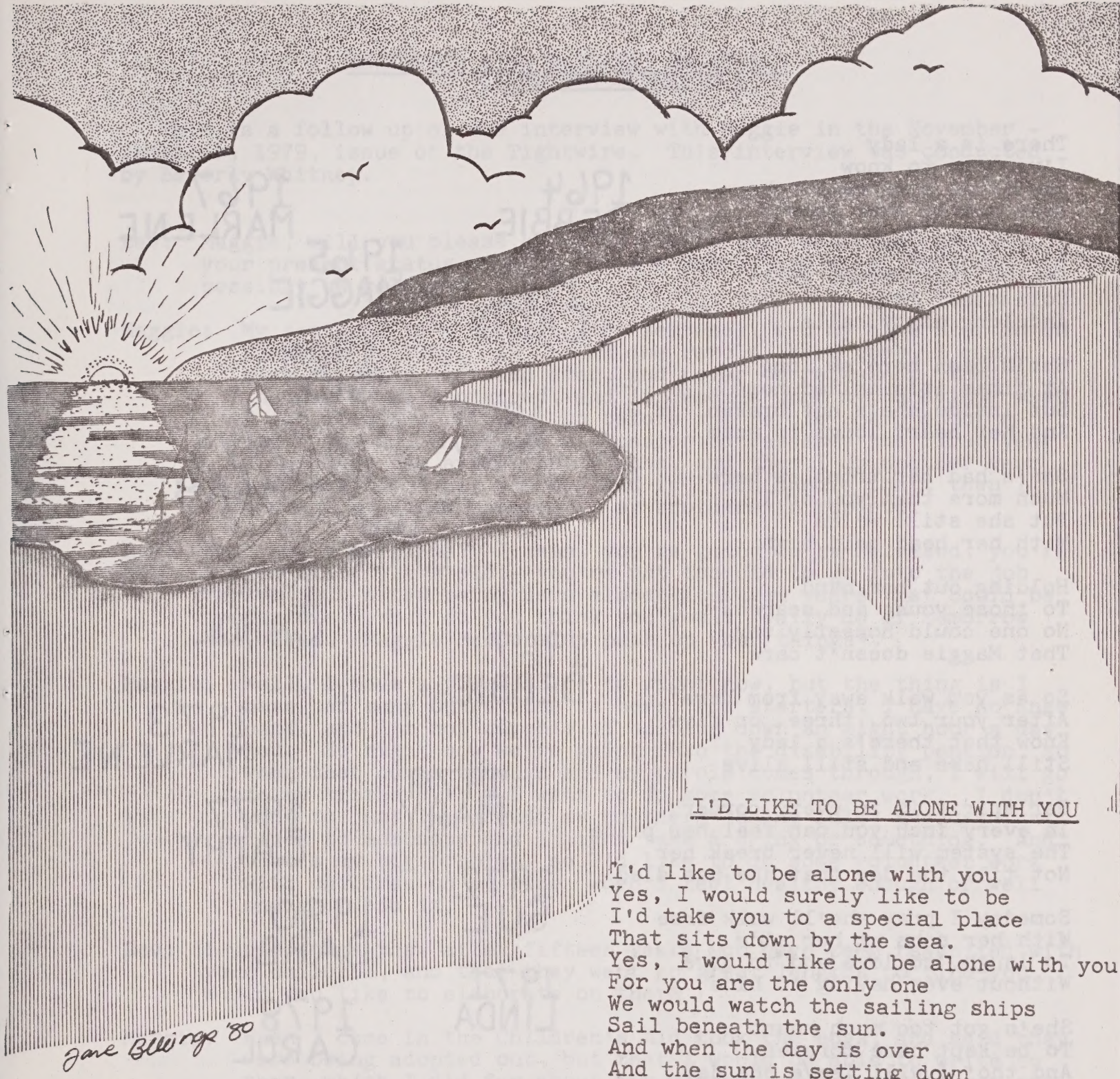
Profile Of A Well-Adjusted Eater

- practices defensive eating.
- resides within staggering distance of a reputable take-out deli.

- eats toast before it pops up.
- eats with entire body and the mouth.
- proud of food stains.
- registers hunger with a seismograph.
- refuses additional helpings only when there aren't any.
- gets emotionally involved with food instead of seeing it as a nutrition object.
- if necessary, can eat on an empty stomach.
- laughs at utensils, especially at heavily populated smorgasbord tables.
- eats between snacks.
- doesn't lose his appetite during air raids.
- enjoys airline food, even on the ground.
- feels no guilt about leaving I. O. U.'s in empty ice cream containers.
- uses food to turn ordinary experiences into great ones—television, reading, parking the car, and sex.
- considers caviar inferior to a majestic Tootsie Roll.
- eats salads and okra only by mistake.
- keeps special foods in a refrigerated safe.
- believes orgasm possible with the proper brioche.

"Why is it that the day before I start a diet, my cookie consumption triples?"

Reprinted from the Cosmopolitan.
Excerpted from "The BronxDiet", by Riachard Smith, Published by Workman Publishing Company. Copyright 1979 by Richard Smith.



I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH YOU

I'd like to be alone with you
Yes, I would surely like to be
I'd take you to a special place
That sits down by the sea.
Yes, I would like to be alone with you
For you are the only one
We would watch the sailing ships
Sail beneath the sun.
And when the day is over
And the sun is setting down
The water washes upon the beach
And it makes a pretty sound.
Now the boats are in the harbour
Swaying with the gentle tide
The evening is setting in
And you're sitting at my side.
And against the evening's skyline
Pretty colours orange and blue
It's very peaceful and quiet
And I'm alone with you.

By Richard Kinitz

FOR MAGGIE MACDONALD

There is a lady
I've come to know
Who's had more heartache
Than she'll ever show

Fifteen years
Behind these stone walls
Cold steel bars
And long empty halls

She's been here so long
At times it's called home
But inside she's not broken
And her heart longs to roam

She's had her troubles here
Much more than you or I
But she still walks
With her head held high

Holding out her hand
To those young and scared
No one could honestly say
That Maggie doesn't care

So as you walk away from here
After your two, three, or five
Know that there's a lady
Still here and still alive

Her spirit is in every corner
In every inch you can feel her pride
The system will never break her
Not till the day that she has died

Someday I pray she'll walk free
With her sons at her side
To laugh, to love and to live
Without ever having to hide

She's got too much heart
To be kept here forever
And tho' I will leave one day
I will forget her never

I wish there was something
That I, myself could do
Just have her hear me say
"My heart goes out to you"

By Gay Wise

1964 DEBBIE
1967 MARLENE
1965 MAGGIE
1972 CATHY
1969 SUE
1975 MARY
1973 BARB
1968 LINDA
1974 CAROL
1967 DEBBIE
1973 MARLENE
1979 MARY
1977 CATHY
1972 SUE
1980 BARB
1971 LINDA
1978 CAROL
1977 MAGGIE

INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET MACDONALD

This is a follow up of the interview with Maggie in the November - December, 1979, issue of the Tightwire. This interview was conducted by Beverly Whitney.

Bev: Maggie, will you please explain briefly your sentence, exactly your present status with the Parole Board, and when you could possibly be released.

Maggie: My sentence is a natural life sentence, and my time started on November 5, 1965. As far as the Parole Board goes, I could stay here for ever and ever, and never be released. That's the way I was sentenced, and it depends upon my behaviour when I get released. I went up before the Parole Board about a month ago and they gave me Unescorted Passes - the first year I can have one every four months, and then I do another year and have one every month. And if I can handle that, then I think I will get paroled to my brothers in Toronto.

Bev: What are your plans? I mean, you're going to be released, you're almost fifty years old - you're not too old to go into the job market, but after being here almost fourteen years that could be impossible. What do you think you would really do if tomorrow they said, "Maggie MacDonald, pack up your things".

Maggie: Well, I have a place to go to right now, but the thing is I have had many operations in here; for starters, I have no knee caps, and I'm not capable of holding down an eight hour a day job. So right now we're going into the disability pension, so when that comes through and my parole comes through, I will go to my brothers, but I want to do some volunteer work. I don't want to just lay around my brothers' being idle, because that leads to monotony and I might take a drink or something. And that's my big problem, so I'd like to do some volunteer work with children on my time, when I feel healthy enough or well enough to do it.

Bev: I understand that after fifteen years you have been re-united with your children, and that they went to great lengths to find you. Would you like to elaborate on that?

Maggie: When I came in the Children's Aid took the boys, and said they were being adopted out, but that I would be able to write to them, which I did for about six months. But I didn't get any replies, either from my children or Children's Aid or the foster parents. Then a letter came from the Children's Aid telling me there was to be no more corespondence-that they had been adopted out-the family had moved and like, when you get that from somebody with authority, you have to abide by that, and I didn't know where to write them. But over the years I hoped and prayed that I would find them some day or they would find me. Unfortunately, the youngest one, Randy, turned twenty last month, and has been looking for me since he was sixteen. He had some hassles with the Parole Board, excuse me, the Children's Aid: they lost his file, come back next week, da-da-da-

da-da, and he ended up in a group home with some ministers. They picked him up off the street; he was just being a street kid, as they say, and he lived there when a woman from Montreal, who works with children, met him, and he seemed to open up to her. He explained about his mother - he didn't know much about it, and she helped him. So between the two of them, they found me here. But it was a bit of a problem because I was living common-law with his father, and their name is Campbell, right, and my name is MacDonald. So the kid had been phoning all the Campbells in Toronto, and even when he phoned here, it was Mira Campbell he had been looking for. Fortunately, my C. O. remembered the name Campbell, and put two and two together, and realized it was me.

Bev: I guess that made you pretty happy.

Maggie: Oh, yes!

Bev: What exactly is the National Parole Service doing for you now?

Maggie: Hmmmm, driving me crazy. I keep going in front of them, like, right now I've got these passes, and if I screw up in any way, no matter how small, which I had screwed up...I've had day parole and I screwed up, but nothing involving any violence or nothing to make the newspapers. I haven't done anything to warrant the length of time they gave me for what I'm doing. Like, right now I'm doing three years; well, it's been a year since I took some pills and went to bed, and they came and took me out of my bed and took me to segregation, and I went to court here and I did the time in segregation for that. And plus I now have two more years to do on top of that, with passes, so, like, that's three years for taking a few pills and going to bed, and this has been the story of my life for the past eight or nine years: If I take a drink I do two more years, if I take a pill I do two more years. That's where all my time is coming from.

Bev: You came here in 1965, eh?

Maggie: No, I cam here in '66, March of 1966, but my time started in '65, in November.

Bev: What was it like here fifteen years ago?

Maggie: It was a lot easier to do time then, than it is now. You have to be on point so much now, because there are passes, Parole Board Committee - when I came in there was no passes, very few exceptions - it seemed to be stricter and yet it wasn't. I don't know how to explain that, we seem more free now, like, we can wander around more now than then, but then there's nothing to do now. Well, there is play ball, etc., but I can't because of my problem. It is a lot easier now, and yet, I would rather do the time back then, than do it now, 'cause then I used to go to court a lot (I would make brews), but it passed the time. I was in and out of segregation and for punishment I would have to scrub floors in the gym. Time just flew, but now everything is at a standstill; there's nothing to do. I'm just sitting here.

Bev: Have the times changed, like, were you locked up earlier?

Maggie: Yeah, we were locked up at 10:oo p.m. when I first came. About one year later, I think, we got 'til 11:00. There was no late T. V., there were no radios, cameras, etc. You had to appear at the kitchen post three times a day for count, even if you didn't eat. You had to wear institutional clothing - so quite a few changes for the better have happened.

Bev: How do the inmates compare today?

Maggie: It's unreal. We have very few old-timers here, and the kids just don't stick together like they did before. They just seem to be looking for trouble all the time. Granted, when I first come we weren't really looking for trouble; we would make a brew but, like, there was no problems. Like, we would drink our brew and mind our own business, and, as I said, everybody stuck together. Like, now, you don't even know who you can confide in, friend or staff member, 'cause the staff are just as bad as the inmates. They can't wait to run and tell the next staff, "Oh, so and so said this, and so and so did that", and the inmates are the same.

Bev: I understand that you were asked to leave the kitchen once, for making alcohol, and no one would take that job. And there was a remark made by the Superintendent that if he could eat instant pudding, then so could everyone else. Do you want to explain about that?

Maggie: That's true. That happened quite a long time ago. See, if you were caught taking anything out of the kitchen, or if you worked in the kitchen and you had a brew, or you were caught drinking a brew, then they knew it came out of the kitchen. So you automatically got suspended for thirty days. This would happen quite often to me; I was the pastry cook and none of the girls would go into the party corner. They would say, "This is Maggie's job, and we want her back, and if she doesn't come back, then none of us are cooking". And the girls took up a petition, which was illegal, so the Director said, like, "no way, (like I said before) if I can eat instant pudding for thirty days, then so can the rest of the girls", and that's just the way it was. And yet, today, I know just from sitting back and watching, if they think for one minute that you're going to leave your job in the kitchen, there's a half a dozen people in there applying for it. You know, you're just thinking about it, and they are right there, waiting. That's what I mean, a different turnover of inmates; it's just not the same.

Bev: Do you think one of the problems around here is everybody is trying to be an inmate, instead of being a con?

Maggie: Yeah.

Bev: We did an interview with Joan Ross about the Mercer, and that was the kind of feeling I got from what Joan said, and this goes back to the Mercer and the silent system, that in those days there was nothing, but everybody hung together more.

Maggie: Yeah, really. For example, a while back; now, I'm not saying anything that everybody doesn't know, because there was a problem up on B Range. There was a brew up there and there were a few girls involved, and being as this is my problem, I stay as far away from it as I can, and doing this extra three years for the pills I stay away from them, too. But when you're in there with them, then the screws think right away, "Oh, well, Maggie is there talking to them, so Maggie must be drinking".' And I had quite a problem at that time 'cause I was going before the Parole Board, and there's my name floating around the building, that I was into the brew, and I really got hot. So I go to my C. O. and she says "Well, I have to hear from the CX5", and the nurse had to get involved in it to say I was not drinking. Where, before, the older crowd would have went forward and said, "Well, we aren't even going to drink around Maggie, 'cause we know she's going to pay. But now, no one seems to give a shit, just fuck her, you know. They have no respect for the old-timers, I think. Not that we demand respect, well, in a way we do, though, but the younger generation don't seem to care.

Bev: After all these years of being here, and all the changes that you have seen, and you look at all the people who've committed an act of violence, like, you and they go on and get day parole, and then get out, does it seem to you, because of this natural life sentence, that the Parole Board is just waiting for an excuse to pull the leash?

Maggie: Yeah, really. Like, it was in the newspaper a week or so ago, and the reporter came in, and she was quite astounded that a woman in this day and age had done this much time; it was quite barbaric, right, but when I got sentenced, it was a natural life sentence. Whereas, today, the girls are getting twenty-five years, which is heavy, but it's still better than mine, where I have no end to my time. I would just as soon have the twenty-five, where you do ten or fiften and say 'up yours, I'm leaving'. I can't, though, I have to do whatever they say, and I'm doing year upon year upon year, like this three years is ridiculous. But the Parole Board are so high that you can't go any higher than that, you know.

Bev: I noticed that just before your children got in touch with you, because of all this stuff with the Parole Board, you had kind of become bitter; you had resolved yourself that you were here and it was like there was no tomorrow. Do you feel better about it now?

Maggie: Yeah, I feel better about the boys finding me, and that, and yet, the Parole Board are aware of it, and yet they are still handing me more time. Now, I don't want to use the kids to get out, I never have and I never will, but I thought with them knowing the boys are out there, and I would have more of an initiative to get out, that they would have said, well, a year or even six months, but it didn't seem to matter to them, you know.

Bev: Do you think that the Parole Board would be influenced or affected in any way if people across Canada, through the Tightwire, would write letters of support in your case? Alright, let's look at it. In 1964, Maggie MacDonald was convicted of murder; you did kill someone, we're not disputing that. You were given a very barbaric sentence at the time. Now, you're going into your sixteenth year. You will have spent seventeen years in prison before you get out, you will be on parole for the rest of your life. At this point in time, this two years hasn't made any difference; if this experience has rehabilitated you, or taught you anything, it probably taught you eight years ago.

Maggie: Yeah, it did. I get my paroles like I get my day parole. At that time there was seven years on my sentence, and I did that, and I did get a day parole. But I had a couple of drinks, so two more years. So, I'm saying to the Parole Board, like, "Hey, if I'm in Toronto and I get drunk, I pay a fine or do thirty days, but I'm doing two years without remission. Like, I don't do sixteen months on two, I do two, and I'm doing three for what? for taking some pills and going to bed, and going to segregation doing my time there, that the judge inside here sentenced me to, and going before the Parole Board and getting more time.

Bev: It's almost like a double jeopardy: it's almost like the incident of the windows.

Maggie: Yeah, right. Like having the boys back; the Parole Board was quite interested in it, and they seemed quite pleased, so I thought they would say O. K., Maggie, (like, I had already done a year for it) we'll put you on passes for six months, and then we'll let you go, because you've got your boys out there. That is what I was thinking they would do, but they are heartless.

Bev: Could you explain what happened about the windows. I think it's important for the readers to know about the frustration.

Maggie: Well, that was my first day parole. I had done seven years and I had been out on day parole. I had been drinking - not causing problems, I never came in here and fought with anybody. I came in here and went straight to bed, but my parole officer had found out I had been drinking and he came in with my C. O. (who isn't here any more) and he says to her, "Well, what do you think we should do", and she said, "Well, I think it should go to Ottawa". I said to my C. O. I think if you knew that I had been drinking, why didn't you call me and say, look Maggie, I'm warning you, you're doing it, you're caught, don't do it again? But that didn't happen, they took my day parole and I went before the Parole Board a year later, and I got hot and I went upstairs and I broke some windows. The matron who was on duty phoned down to the head matron and explained to her (she's gone now), and the head matron said to her well, I don't blame her, she's been here seven years and they are pulling her in because she had a drink, forget it, don't charge her. So I'm before the Parole Board a year later; it was a woman who was doing all the talking and there were my parole papers for another day parole, and the woman said, well, you just had one, like it was yesterday. And I said that was a year ago, and she said, you

broke windows after that, and I said that's right, and she said, well, you can do another year for breaking the windows. I said what?; like, if you break windows in here and you get caught you get ten days in segregation or something, but I did an extra year 'cause I broke some windows 'cause I was mad 'cause they took my day parole without any warning. So there's two years done for taking a drink.

Bev: I understand, recently, there were some problems with the E. Fry in Toronto, I understand you were on a pass, you weren't drinking, you came back to the E. Fry House, there was you and one other resident in the kitchen, and the house mother smelled alcohol. And they naturally assumed it was you, and I understand that the other person even ended up splitting from the House.

Maggie: Oh, yeah. The house mother came in to the kitchen, and I was making a coffee (you're not allowed to make coffee there at eleven o'clock at night, the other girl said, we'll make coffee anyway, so I made the coffee) and the house mother came in and said we weren't supposed to make coffee, so I said, O. K., I'm going to bed. She said, Maggie, I'm leaving early in the morning, so knock on my door when you leave, which would be five o'clock, cause I had to be back here by nine o'clock. So I said O. K., no problem, and I went upstairs. The girl carried my coffee up for me 'cause, as I said, I have no kneecaps and I have to hold on to the bannister. Well, apparently, the house mother was observing this, and she assumed that I couldn't carry it myself 'cause I was drunk, so the girl was carrying it for me. So, I came back and I was going every month, and the next month I was ready to leave, my bags were packed and everything, and my C. O. called me down and told me I wasn't going on my three day pass. And I said why, and he said because of you behaviour on your last pass. I said what are you talking about, and he wouldn't say anything. Well, I ended up with the director, and he phoned the halfway house, and they said I was suspected of drinking. So, I went before the Parole Board for that, and they said they were taking my day parole, it was called a day parole, which were passes, because of the assumption on the house mother And I said, well, there was another inmate there, and I'm not going to name her, and I didn't then, but the Parole officer knew who it was because the next morning she had taken off from the half way house. And I said to him, well, she's doing four years for the same thing I'm doing life for, so, if I had been drinking, I would have been the one who should have been running, not the one doing four years. And I lost that day parole, just because someone assumed I was drinking! I am an alcoholic, I haven' drank for five years, but that does not seem to matter. I repeat, a month or so ago, there was a brew, and right away my name came up because I'm the alcoholic, and I had to go to nurses and everything else to prove I wasn't drinking. I'm getting tired of it, I mean, if there is a brew in the building or a pill around, automatically, if I'm anywhere around, it's Maggie has to be drinking, or Maggie's into the pills.

Bev: I think that the only thing, the reason I wanted to do this interview, is that people across Canada should be aware that you're serving this sentence, that you're the only woman in Canada who's

been sentenced in this way by Judge Haynes, and that you've done fifteen years. They want you to do another two years; that's seventeen years of your life. Now, you've just found your children. I want to urge people to write the National Parole Board, P. O. Box 620, Kingston, Ontario, urging them to review your case and let you out.

Maggie: Yeah, 'cause I have a home to go to; it's not like I'm walking into an empty street, where I can fall into trouble. My brother and his wife are very well respected; the Reverend Downs from here has been there and he made a report on it, and it's a nice home, and I'm welcome there. And as I say, I'm not capable of doing a full-time job, but I'm certainly willing to do some volunteer work with children 'cause I really enjoy that. And so, I don't know why these two years, like, if it was about passes, I can't count the number of passes I've had in the last ten years, and I haven't screwed up on, so all I want is a chance. Just let me go home, and if I screw up, I don't understand, if I screw up, they aren't paying, I AM! I'm the one who will come back here and never get out again. And I'm not going to screw up! I'm not going to drink again; I have my two boys out there, and I didn't do right by them when they were babies. I didn't neglect them or they weren't beaten; they were well-fed and well-dressed, but I did a lot of drinking, and I would never put them through that again.

Bev: Have you ever offered to take an anti-abuse implant, which would make it impossible for you to ever drink again?

Maggie: Yes, I did that. I mentioned it to Dr. Scott, and he said they were just experimenting with it at the time. I've taken anti-abuse pills, but I mean not drinking in the past five years hasn't proven anything, I might as well have drank a month ago 'cause I still have two more years. So, there's times when I get pissed off and say why am I behaving, when I'm paying, anyway. I mean, what the hell, you feel like just giving up. But I can't give up now, 'cause I've got my boys out there, and they need me, and I need them. They were brought up in foster homes, which aren't that healthy, I don't think, and I'm really looking forward to getting out there and making a home for them and myself.

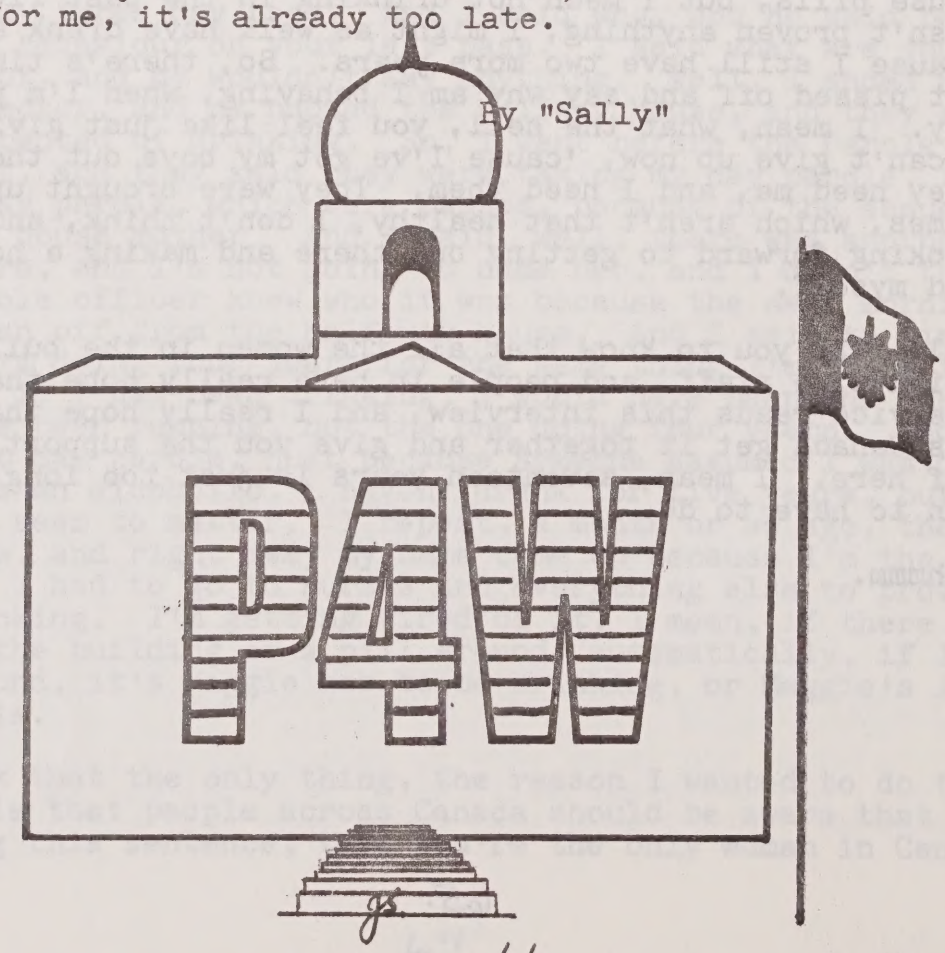
Bev: I would like you to know that all the women in the building, and the Tightwire staff, and people in here really hope that the Parole Service reads this interview, and I really hope that people across Canada get it together and give you the support to get you out of here. I mean, seventeen years is just too long for any person to have to do.

Maggie: Mmhmmm.

ODE TO THE PRISON FOR WOMEN

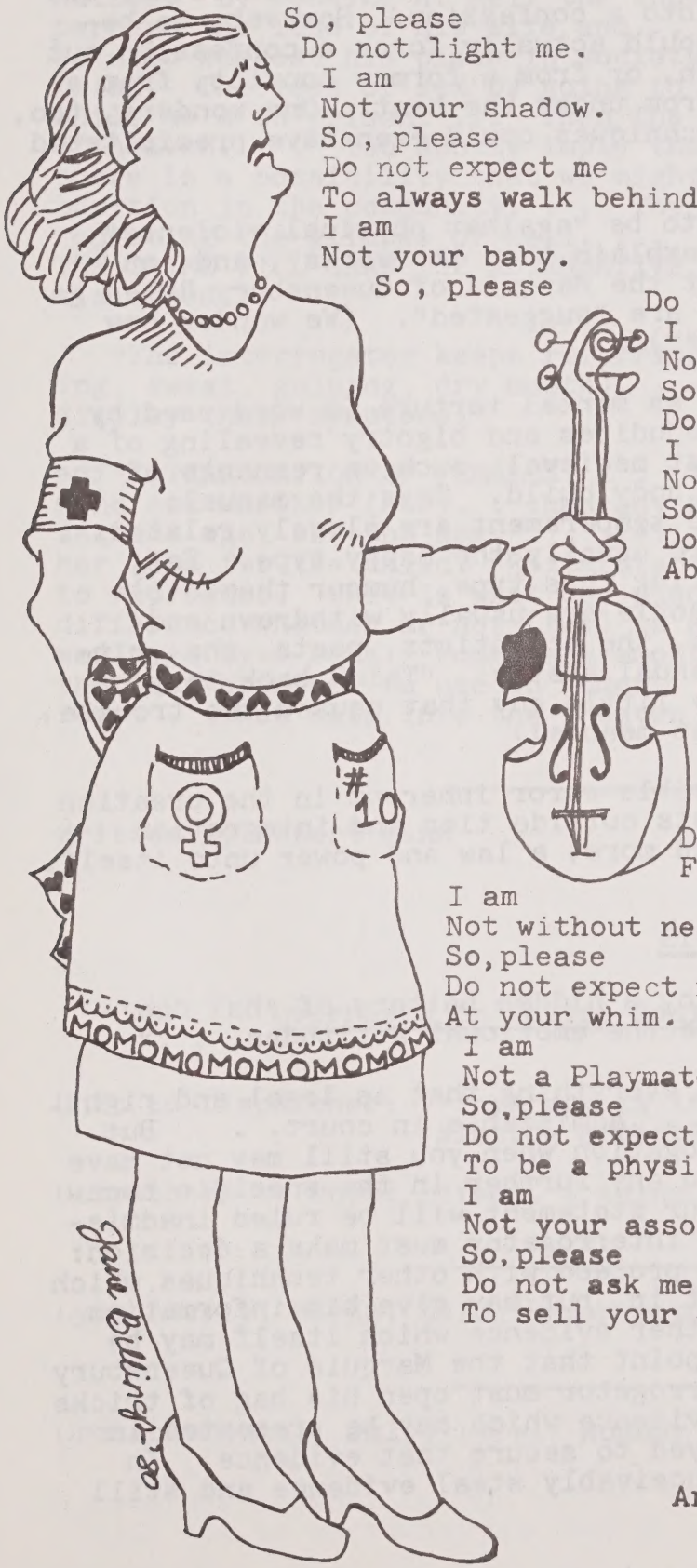
They call it a jail, but don't be a fool;
It's much more than that, it's a finishing school.
But the lessons that I'm learning
Were never ones for which I was yearning.
We learn how to lie, how to cheat and sometimes steal;
But most of all, we learn how to hide anything that we feel.
We learn that friends are a fleeting thing.
They're here for the moment, but the song that they sing;
Is one that is false and has many bad notes;
And some of us will never get any popularity votes.
Don't live in the past, live one date at a time.
That's what they preach, it's an age old chime.
But do they let you forget what's over and done?
Not on your life; they'll see you remember 'til Dooms day comes.
You try to stay sane with all of your might;
But don't look for help to keep up your fight.
There will never be anyone who is really there;
For there isn't a soul who gives a care.
To your face they are friendly, but watch out for your back.
Their tongue's double-edged, and they'll give you the hack.
They make you promises, they don't mean to keep;
And soon you're left all alone, to lay and weep.
They say get up and do your time;
But Lord, how I wish they'd let me do just mine.
It's theirs that they really want you to do;
And this applies to almost all of you.
This place is the end, and you hear death's knell.
It's where you will find the real living hell.
Don't ask for my name or even the date;
Because for me, it's already too late.

By "Sally"



What I Am and What I Am Not

I am
Not a violin.
So, please
Do not play me.
I am
Not a fire.
So, please
Do not light me.
I am
Not your shadow.
So, please
Do not expect me
To always walk behind you.
I am
Not your baby.
So, please
Do not humour me.
I am
Not your mother.
So, please
Do not lean on me.
I am
Not your buddy.
So, please
Do not tell me
About your other women.
I am
Not without heart.
So, please
Do not ask me
To be uninvolved.
I am
Not your keeper.
So, please
Do not make me responsible
For your emotions.



I am
Not without needs.
So, please
Do not expect me to turn on
At your whim.
I am
Not a Playmate.
So, please
Do not expect me
To be a physical fantasy.
I am
Not your associate.
So, please
Do not ask me
To sell your clients.

I am
A woman.
Half of the human race.
Ready to bring
to a man
Many gifts:
Responsibility
for my actions,
Generous love.
Tolerance,
The intensity
That comes with knowing
How short life is.
And passion, married to
commitment.

Are you man enough for that?

POLICE INTERROGATION METHODS

Excerpts From An R. C. M. P. Training Manual

Many of the techniques in this manual (called "Interrogation Techniques" by Chief Inspector A. R. Roberts—excerpts reprinted below) are of use in trapping a guilty party into a confession. However, we believe that some of them, as well, could actually force a confession out of an innocent and frightened person, or from a former convict, from a desire of the prisoner to get out from under the heat. One wonders, too, if mental stress imposed by some techniques could even have precipitated suicides.

While the document often claims to be "against physical violence", it takes great pains to repeatedly explain that it "works", and, on occasion, "there is a point. . .that the Marquis of Queensbury Rules go out the window" and illegal methods are "suggested". (We wonder how the author knows such methods "work"?)

Some techniques could be classed as mental torture (a word used by the manual, too), others contain prejudices and bigotry revealing of a morality and mentality that is almost medieval, such as remnants of the "criminal type" theory according to body build. Says the manual: "There is evidence that physique and temperament are closely related. . A) Short and fat. . .these people are usually the happy type. Eat, drink and be merry. When interrogating this type, humour them. B) Tall and slender - these types of people are usually withdrawn and introverted. These are the thinkers, the scientists, poets, the writers." Yet, in another place, the manual states: "Think back to your days on the beat. It was always the little guy that caused the trouble, and wanted to fight." (The jolly fat meanie!)

The document underscores the terrible error inherent in the creation of a special police force which exists outside ties and integration with the civilian community, more and more, a law and power unto itself, answerable to itself.

EXCERPTS

"The techniques outlined. . .employ a hidden battery of 'hsi nao'—brainwashing—techniques to influence the emotional attitudes. . ."

"Certainly. . .we are going to do everything that is legal and right. We will attempt to get a confession. . .admissable in court. . . But there is a point. . .in every interrogation when you still may not have that statement and you know if you go any further in the specific technique that you are employing that your statement will be ruled inadmissable. It is at this point that the interrogator must make a decision: Does he now leave. . .or does he now proceed with other techniques which he knows will not allow the statement in, but may give him information which will lead to the securing of other evidence which itself may be admissable. I suggest that at this point that the Marquis of Queensbury Rules go out the window and the interrogator must open his bag of tricks and go for the recovery of. . .any evidence which may be presented in court regardless of the method employed to secure that evidence. In our present day law. . .one could conceivably steal evidence and still

. . .it could not be held out of court by the very fact that it was stolen."

"THE HEAVEN AND HELL TECHNIQUE. . . This technique is adapted from the brainwashing or religious technique. In this approach we let the subject have a look at hell, but also offer him heaven. . .as an alternative. By looking at hell the interrogator means the loss of the job, perhaps the loss of his wife and. . .what his children may think of him. We also suggest his place in society and what. . .his neighbours may think. The loss of sex by going to prison, what his young wife may do while he's in prison. . . Then the interrogator offers him a glimpse of heaven. . . You subtly imply that there will be no publicity. That there is a possibility that we might be able to save his job and his position in the community. . . The important thing. . .is that we keep repeating the glimpse of hell. . . CERTAINLY A MAN WHO IS GUILTY OF THE CRIME WILL GRAB THE ALTERNATIVE WHICH OF COURSE IS HEAVEN." (Emphasis added.)

"The interrogator keeps referring to the behavior symptoms (fidgeting, sweat, gulping, dry mouth). . .(and) an innocent party would not display these symptoms."

"INTERROGATION OF FEMALES. . . The interrogator first attempts to find out whether (she). . .has any children. . .talk about her child. Ask the age, ask the sex. . . Tell her it looks like her. Speak of her love for the child. Reiterate that her prime function in life is to reproduce. That is what God placed her on earth for. It makes no difference whether or not (she) is a prostitute or an ordinay thief employed by a bank. Women are emotional and an emotional approach is the best approach to use on women. We use the emotion of love, jealousy, fear. . .then slip into the "Heaven and Hell" technique."

Written by Robert Fink

Overheard On Police Radio: January 22, 1977

Unit to Dispatcher: "This guy is in pretty bad shape. How about resisting arrest?"

Dispatcher to Unit: "Yean, I think they'll buy that."

Lynn Lovely, March, 1977, Briar Patch.

Crosscurrents: July, 1979. Number 57

THE WAR PRAYER

As Canada lines up barking and saluting the U. S. show of might, we reprint this classic view of war hysteria. . .

It was a time of great and exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bands playing, the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and spluttering; on every hand and far down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide avenue gay and fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers and mothers and sister and sweethearts cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion as they swung by; nightly the packed meetings listened, panting, to patriot oratory which stirred the deepest deeps of their hearts, and which they interrupted at briefest intervals with cyclones of applause, the tears running down their cheeks the while; in the churches the pastors preached devotion to flag and country, and invoked the God of Battles, beseeching His aid in our good cause in outpouring of fervid eloquence which moved every listener. It was indeed a glad and gracious time, and the half dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war and ease a doubt upon its righteousness straigtway got such a stern and angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight and offended no more in that way.

Sunday morning came—next day the battalions would leave for the front; the church was filled; the volunteers were there, their young faces alight with martial dreams—visions of the stern advance, the gathering momentum, the rushing charge, the flashing sabers, the flight of the foe, the tumult, the enveloping smoke, the fierce pursuit, the surrender!—then home from the war, bronzed heroes, welcomed, adored, submerged in golden seas of glory! With the volunteers sat their dear ones, proud, happy, and envied by the neighbours and friends who had no sons and brothers to send forth to the field of honor, there to win for the flag, or, failing, die the noblest of noble deaths. The service proceeded; a war chapter from the Old Testament was read; the first prayer was said; it was followed by an organ burst that shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes and beating hearts, and poured out that tremendous invocation—

God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest,
Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!

Then came the "long" prayer. None could remember the like of it for passionate pleading and moving and beautiful language. . .

An aged stranger entered and moved with slow and noiseless step up the main aisle, his eyes fixed upon the minister, his long body clothed in a robe that reached to his feet, his head bare, his white hair descending in a frothy cataract to his shoulders, his seamy face unnaturally pale, pale even to ghastliness. With all eyes following him and wondering, he made his silent way; without pausing, he ascended to the preacher's side and stood there, waiting. With shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued his moving prayer, and at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, "Bless our arms, grant us the victory, O Lord our God, Father and Protector of our land

and flag!"

The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside—which the startled minister did—and took his place. During some moments he surveyed the spellbound audience with solemn eyes, in which burned an uncanny light; then in a deep voice he said:

"I come from the Throne—bearing a message from Almighty God!" The words smote the house with a shock; if the stranger perceived it he gave no attention. "He has heard the prayer of His servant your shepherd, and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, shall have explained to you. . .its full import. . .is it one prayer? No, it is two—one uttered, the other not. Both have reached the ear of Him who heareth all supplications, the spoken and the unspoken. Ponder this—keep it in mind. If you would beseech a blessing upon yourself, beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbour at the same time. If you pray for the blessing of rain upon your crop which needs it, by that act you are possibly praying for a curse upon some neighbor's crop which may not need rain and can be injured by it.

. . .You heard these words: 'Grant us the victory, O Lord our God!' That is sufficient. The WHOLE of the uttered prayer is compact into those pregnant words. Elaborations were not necessary. When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory—MUST follow it, cannot help but follow it. Upon the listening spirit of God the Father fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth . . .O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him who is the Source of Love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen."

(After a pause.) "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits."

It was believed afterward that the man was a lunatic, because there was no sense in what he said.

Written by Mark Twain

Edited By Robert Fink

QUESTION

(for Isabella Ogima, who died screaming loudly in a Canadian prison)

For 19 years I was here. . .
  Yet no one saw me -
Why me Lord?
For 19 years I lived and breathed
  the same as they. . .
  Yet no one knew it -
Why me Lord?
For 19 years I yelled, screamed,
  shouted and cried. . .
  Yet no one heard -
Why me Lord?

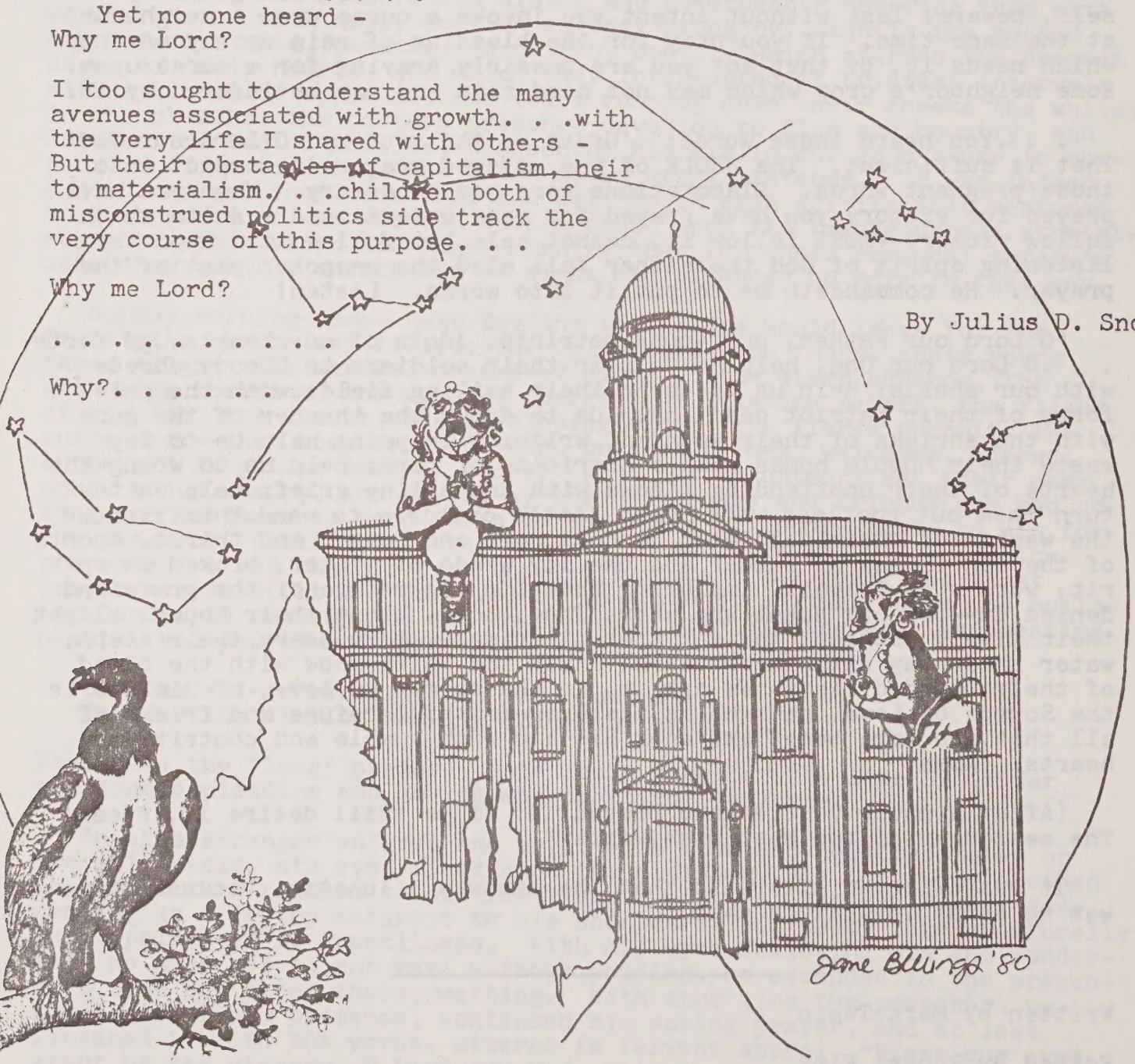
I too sought to understand the many
avenues associated with growth. . .with
the very life I shared with others -
But their obstacles of capitalism, heir
to materialism. . .children both of
misconstrued politics side track the
very course of this purpose. . .

Why me Lord?

. . . . . .

Why? . . . . . .

By Julius D. Snowden

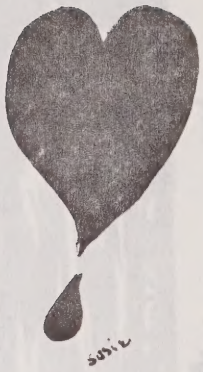


A SEED
With the sun love in the spring becomes...
"The Rose"
To a special friend
From
1980

TONIGHT YOU MADE MY HEART BLEED

Tonight I'm feeling lonely
let down with need
I miss you so much
I miss your gentle touch
But tonight you made my heart bleed
I'm feeling let down with weariness
feel let down with pain
feel let down with destitude
and feelings I can't explain
Well I hope that you are happy
I hope that you fill your need
Well I miss you so much
and I miss your gentle touch
But tonight you made my heart bleed

By Richard Kinitz

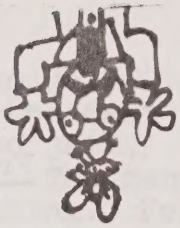


THERE IS SOMEONE FOR YOU

There is someone for everyone
Yes, I believe it is true
So don't you feel so lonely girl
Because there is someone for you
Tho' it may take a while for
The connection to come down
So don't you worry about it 'cause
You're the prettiest girl in town
I've often seen you smile and
A rare beauty of it's own
There is someone for everyone
Because you're not meant to be alone
Tho' it may take a while for
The connection to come down
So don't you forget about it 'cause
You're the prettiest girl in town
There is someone for everyone
Yes, I believe it is so true
So don't you worry about it girl
Because there is someone for you.

By Richard Kinitz

You Can Tell It's Going To Be A Rotten Day When. . .



-you wake up and find yourself face down on the pavement.

-you put your bra on backward and it fits better.

-you call the Suicide Prevention Hot-Line and they put you on "Hold".

-you find a "60 Minutes" newsteam waiting for you in your office.

-your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.

-your son tells you he wishes Anita Bryant would mind her own business.

-you go to hang up the clothes you wore to the party last night and there aren't any.

-you turn on the T. V. and they're showing emergency routes out of the city.

-you realize your twin sister has forgotten your birthday.

-you wake up and discover your waterbed has burst and then realize you don't have a waterbed.

-your boss tells you not to bother to take off your coat.

-your wife wakes up feeling amorous and you have a headache.

-your car horn goes off accidentally and remains stuck as you follow a group of "Hell's Angels" down the freeway.

-you discover that the bird perched in the tree outside your window is a buzzard.

-you wake up and find your orthodontic braces are locked together.

-you walk six blocks to work and then find the hem of your dress is caught in the waistband of your pantyhose.

-your blind date turns out to be your ex-wife.

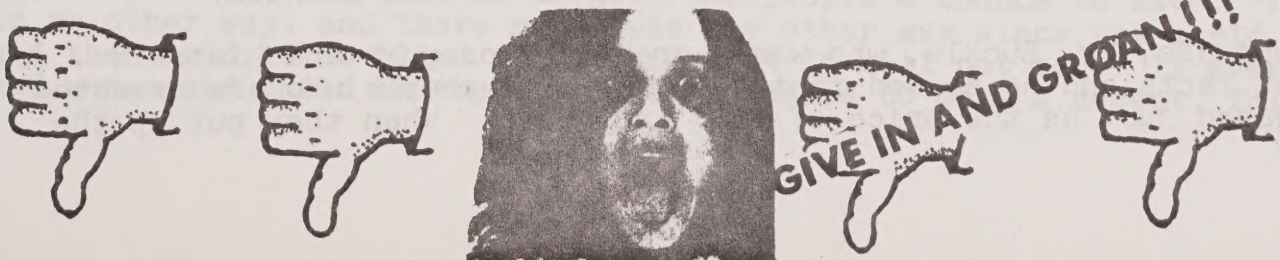
-your income tax check bounces.

-you call your answering service and they tell you its none of your business.

-you put both contact lenses in the same eye.

-your pet rock snaps at you.

-your wife says, "Good morning, Fred", but your name is Bob.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

From A Speech To Prisoners, by Clarence Darrow, 1902

There is no doubt there are quite a number of people in this jail who would pick my pockets. And still I know this, that when I get outside pretty nearly everybody picks my pocket. There may be some of you who would hold up a man on the street, if you did not happen to have something else to do, and needed the money; but when I want to light my house or my office the gas company holds me up. They charge me one dollar for something that is worth twenty-five cents, and still all these people are good people; they are pillars of society and support the churches, and they are respectable. . .

Some of you are here for obtaining pooperty under false pretenses — yet I pick up a great Sunday paper and read the advertisements of a merchant prince — "Shirt waists for 39 cents, marked down from $3.00".

Let us see whether there is any connection between the crimes of the respectable classes and your presence in the jail. Many of you people are in jail because you have really committed burglary. Many of you, because you have stolen something; in the meaning of the law, you have taken some other person's property. Some of you have entered a store and carried off a pair of shoes because you did not have the price. Possibly some of you have committed murder. I cannot tell what all of you did. There are a great many people here who have done some of these things who really do not know themselves why they did them. I think I know why you did them — everyone of you; you did these things because you were bound to do them. It looked to you at the time as if you had a chance to do them or not, as you saw fit, but still after all you had no choice. There may be people here who had some money in their pockets and who still went out and got some more money in a way society forbids. Now you may not yourselves see exactly why it was you did this thing, but if you look at the question deeply enough and carefully enough you would see that there were circumstances that drove you to do exactly the thing which you did. You could not help it any more than we outside can help taking the positions that we take. The reformers who tell you to be good and you will be happy, and the people on the outside who have property to protect — they think that the only way to do it is by building jails and locking you up in cells on weeks days and praying for you Sundays. . .

There are more people go to jail in hard times than in good times — few people comparatively go to jail except when they are hard up. They go to jail because they have no other place to go. They may not know why, but it is true all the same. People are not more wicked in hard times. That is not the reason. The fact is true all over the world that in hard times more people go to jail than in good times, and in winter more people go to jail than in summer. Of course it is pretty hard times for people who go to jail at any time. The people who go to jail are almost always poor people — people who have no other place to live first and last. When times are hard then you find large numbers of people who go to jail who would not otherwise be in jail.

Long ago, Mr. Buckle, who was a great philosopher and historian, collected facts and he showed that the number of people who are arrested increased just as the price of food increased. When they put up the

price of gas ten cents a thousand I do not know who will go to jail, but I do know that a certain number of people will go. When the meat combine raises the price of beef I do not know who is going to jail, but I know that a large number of people are bound to go. . . The man on the outside who has committed no crime may have done something. For instance: to take all the coal in the United States and raise the price two dollars or three dollars when there is no need of it, and thus kills thousands of babies and sends thousands of people to the poorhouse and tens of thousands to jail, as is done every year in the United States — this is a greater crime than all the people in our jails ever committed, but the law does not punish it. Why? Because the fellows who control the earth make the laws. . .

Most all of the crimes for which we are punished are property crimes. There are a few personal crimes, like murder — but they are very few. The crimes committed are mostly against property. If this punishment is right the criminals must have a lot of property. How much money is there in this crowd? And yet you are all here for crimes against property. The people up and down the Lake Shore have not committed crime, still they have so much property they don't know what to do with it. It is perfectly plain why these people have not committed crimes against property; they make the laws and therefore do not need to break them. And in order for you to get some property you are obliged to break the rules of the game. . .

First and last, people are sent to jail because they are poor. Sometimes, as I say, you may not need money at the particular time, but you wish to have thrifty forehanded habits, and do not always wait until you are in absolute want. Some of you people are perhaps plying the trade, the profession, which is called burglary. No man in his right senses will go into a strange house in the dead of night and prowl around with a dark lantern through unfamiliar rooms and take chances of his life if he has plenty of the good things of the world in his own home. You would not take any such chances as that. . .

There is a bill before the legislature of this State to punish kidnaping of children with death. We have wise members of the legislature. They know the gas trust when they see it and they always see it — they can furnish light enough to be seen, and this legislature thinks it is going to stop kidnaping of children by making a law punishing kidnapers of children with death. I don't believe in kidnaping children, but the legislature is all wrong. Kidnaping children is not a crime, it is a profession. It has been developed with the times. It has been developed with our modern industrial conditions. There are many ways of making money — many new ways that our ancestors knew nothing about. Our ancestors knew nothing about a billion dollar trust; and here comes some poor fellow who has no other trade and he discovers the profession of kidnaping children.

This crime is born, not because people are bad; people don't kidnap other people's children because they want the children or because they are devilish, but because they see a chance to get some money out of it. You cannot cure this crime by passing a law punishing by death kidnapers of children. There is one way to cure it. There is one way to cure all these offenses, and that is to give the people a chance to live. There is no other way, and there never was any other way since the world began and the world is so blind and stupid that it will not see. If every man and woman and child in the world had a chance to make a decent, fair,

honest living, there would be no jails, and no lawyers and no courts. There might be some persons here or there with some peculiar formation of their brain, like Rockefeller, who would do these things simply to be doing them; but they would be very, very few, and those should be sent to a hospital and treated, and not sent to jail, and they would entirely disappear in the second generation, or at least in the third generation.

I am not talking pure theory. . .

The English people once punished criminals by sending them away. They would load them on a ship and export them to Australia. England was owned by lords and nobles and rich people. They owned the whole earth over there, and the other people had to stay in the streets. They could not get a decent living. They used to take their criminals and send them to Australia — I mean the class of criminals who got caught. When these criminals got over there, and nobody else had come, they had the whole continent to run over and so they could raise sheep and furnish their own meat, which is easier than stealing it; these criminals then became decent respectable people because they had a chance to live. They did not commit any crimes. They were just like the English people who sent them there, only better. And in the second generation the descendants of those criminals were as good and respectable a class of people as there were on the face of the earth, and then they began building churches and jails themselves.

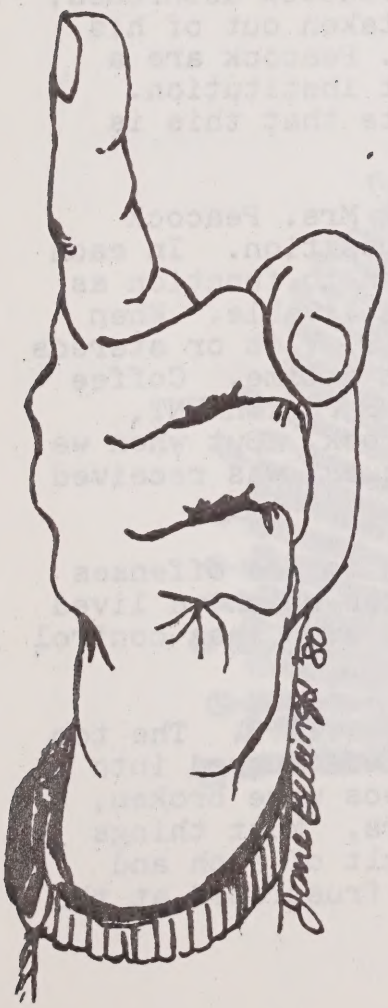
A portion of this country was settled in the same way, landing prisoners down on the southern coast; but when they got here and had a whole continent to run over and plenty of chances to make a living, they became respectable citizens, making their own living just like any other citizen in the world. . .

There is a remedy for the sort of condition we see here. The world never finds it out, or when it does find it out it does not enforce it. You may pass a law punishing every person with death for burglary, and it will make no difference. Men will commit it just the same. In England there was a time when one hundred different offenses were punishable with death, and it made no difference. The English people strangely found out that so fast as they repealed the severe penalties and so fast as they did away with punishing men by death, crime decreased. . . The man who owns a sweatshop or a department store may not be to blame himself for the condition of his girls, but when he pays them five dollars, three dollars, and two dollars a week, I wonder where he thinks they will get the rest of their money to live. . . So long as big criminals can get the coal fields, so long as the big criminals have control of the city council and get the public streets for street cars and gas rights, this is bound to send thousands of poor people to jail. So long as men are allowed to monopolize all the earth, and compel others to live on such terms as these men see fit to make, then you are bound to get into jail.

The only way in the world to abolish crime and criminals is to abolish the big ones and the little ones together. Make fair conditions of life. Give men a chance to live. Abolish the right of private ownership of land, abolish monopoly, make the world partners in production, partners in the good things of life. . .

This morning I awoke startled and sweating from what can only be considered a nightmare. I dreamed I was standing on the corner at seven a.m. awaiting the seven-fifteen bus that would take me to my place of work. I looked behind me and saw my wife and six children in the window smiling and waving at me. Getting on the bus and finding a seat I immediately wondered when pay-day was as I still had four more payments left on the mortgage. Looking out the bus window, seeing all the cars zooming by also reminded me to check with Joe's Garage to find out if our station-wagon was repaired yet; just then a large truck passed by the bus. This truck was black in colour, thus creating sort of a mirror image from the bus window. It was at that moment I saw myself in a light blue suit, black tie, and a perfect no-hair out of place hair cut; and then all I remember is screaming "no, no, no!" over and over. That's when I woke up and the first thing I did was look around me and say, "Thank God. For a minute there I thought it was all over and I was actually a Square John.

By Camper.



SOCIETY'S PSALM

Incarcerate, rehabilitate!
Let's lock up the illiterate!
Create a safe society
For those with some propriety.
We'll send 'em where the sun don't shine
(And we'll be real generous with the time).
Make sure they aren't too comfy there;
The taxpayers have enough to bear.
And when it's time to let them go,
Let's hope they've learned and that they know
Society just will NOT permit
Ex-cons to live where we don't see fit.

Daryl Dollan

ONE OPINION OF OAKALLA

Oakalla Women's Correctional Centre is now known as Lakeside Correctional Centre. It seems a frilly name came along with the new lady director, Mrs. M. Peacock. Having been an inmate there under three separate directors, I have seen that jail go through more than it's share of changes.

There is a lot of controversy now about Mrs. Peacock, and though some of it has been exagerated, a lot has not.

The procedure when an inmate wishes to see the director at Lakeside is quite simple. You get a request form from your living unit officer, fill it out, and hand it back through the same officer. Theoretically, from there it is taken, signed by this officer, to the front office, and to the officer in charge of the shift. From there it goes directly to the mystery lady herself, Mrs. Peacock. Now, I say theoretically because, according to Mrs. Peacock, a lot of these requests never reach her. At least that's the standard excuse when she doesn't see you.

From my own personal observations I'd say there seems to be a type of power struggle at the staff level in the institution. This is merely my own opinion and cannot be proven, but I still feel it is valid. There are a lot of staff members there that were there when Mr. R Burns was the director, and a whole slew of new ones came to work there since Mrs. Peacock took over. I don't fully understand what has caused all the grumbling amongst the staff, but I feel strongly that it is Mrs. Peacock's responsibility, as the director, to sort it out. There are some staff members there that would like to see Mrs. Peacock dethroned, so to speak. They didn't like the way Mr. Burns was taken out of his position and therefore, their attempts to foul up Mrs. Peacock are a constant source of frustration for the inmates of that institution. That is only one aspect of the problem, and please note that this is simply my opinion and not proven fact.

Another aspect of the same problem seems to be that Mrs. Peacock quite simply cannot handle the responsibility of her position. In each of the living units we are a group. We generally learn to function as a group, doing daily chores, etc. which make the units livable. When things go wrong, we suffer, as a group. For example, T. V.'s or stereos have been removed from a particular unit for a week at a time. Coffee urns have been removed for months at a time, as a GROUP PUNISHMENT. These things are done under the direction of Mrs. Peacock. But when we wanted to meet with Mrs. Peacock, as a group, this request was received and denied.

The punishments seem to be very punitive in regards to the offenses that were committed, given the very boring circumstances which we lived under, and did nothing but create more resentment, and even less control of the inmates on the part of the staff.

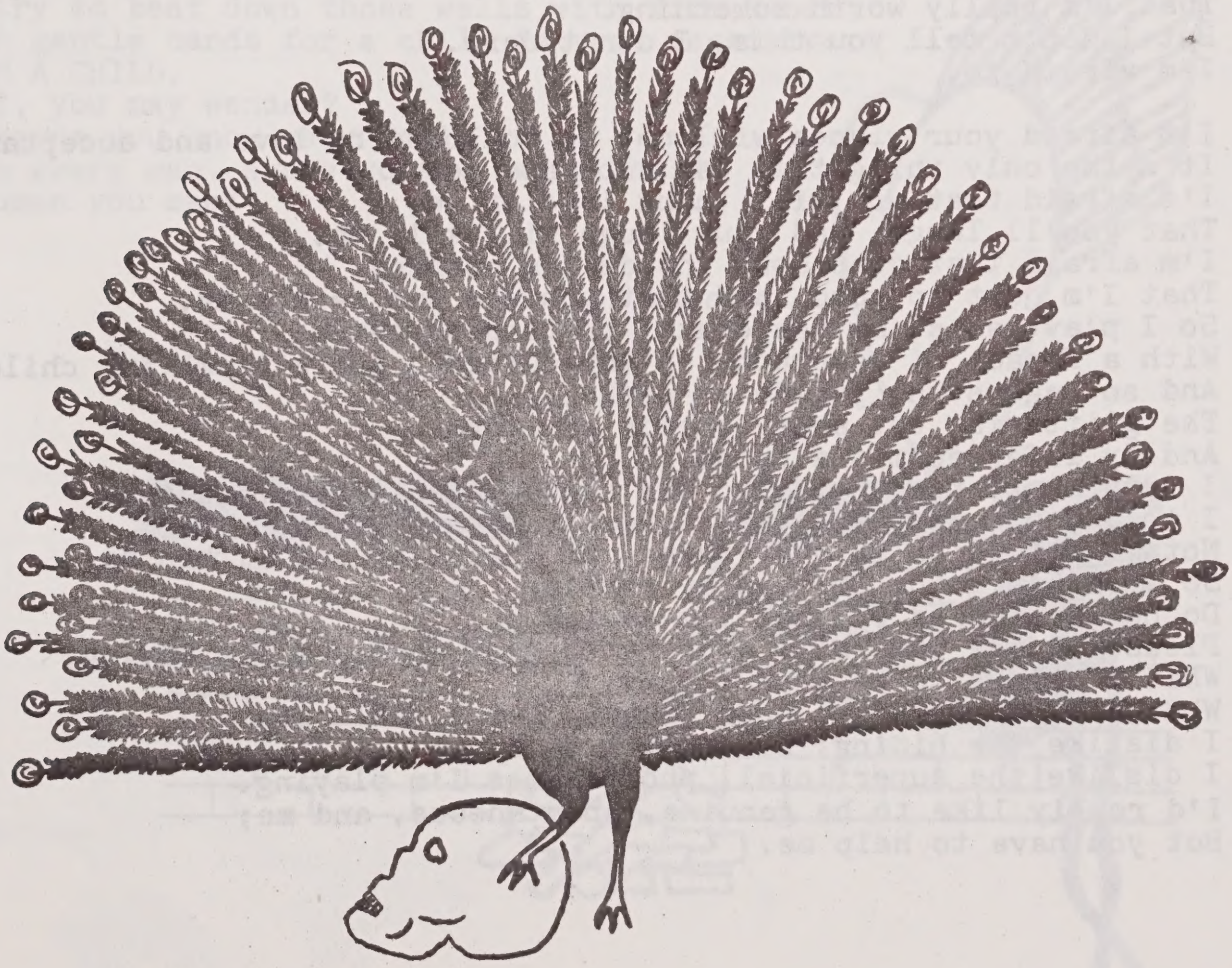
The most recent disturbance there was on December 31, 1979. The top floor of the building, which covers two living units, was turned into a shambles. Windows were smashed out, T. V.'s and stereos were broken, as were small radios, light fixtures, tables and chairs. Most things that were breakable were destroyed. This was the result of each and every inmate in these two units having become totally frustrated at the

constant denial of their request to meet with the director to discuss group problems, as a group, and the fact that the games played by the staff against each other added to the problems greatly. This was termed a "slight disturbance" by the papers, but was much more than that to us. We not only wanted to meet with the director, but needed to meet with her. Her refusal to see us turned the smoldering ashes into flames that were finally put out by the inmates barracading themselves in two cells until the next morning, when they were removed to the "Cow Barns" in the Men's Unit. I could go into a whole other spiel about the days we spent there, but that can wait for another day.

Whatever her reasons were for denying our request to meet with her are her own. We were never told. As an active participant in that riot I can say that had she met with us, though we may not have all agreed with the results, the tension level would have been lowered, and the "slight disturbance" would not have occurred. We can only hope that some day in the future the lack of consistent rules to live under, instead of being punished by one staff for what others allow, will be resolved.

There has always been quite a stigma of fear attached to entering the Federal Penitentiary for Women, but I know of two women who could not wait to be transferred to a place that they feared, as it seemed to be the only way they could get out from under the totally inefficient dictatorship of Mrs. Marie Peacock. I know this because I was one of them.

By Gay Wise.



PLEASE HEAR WHAT I'M NOT SAYING

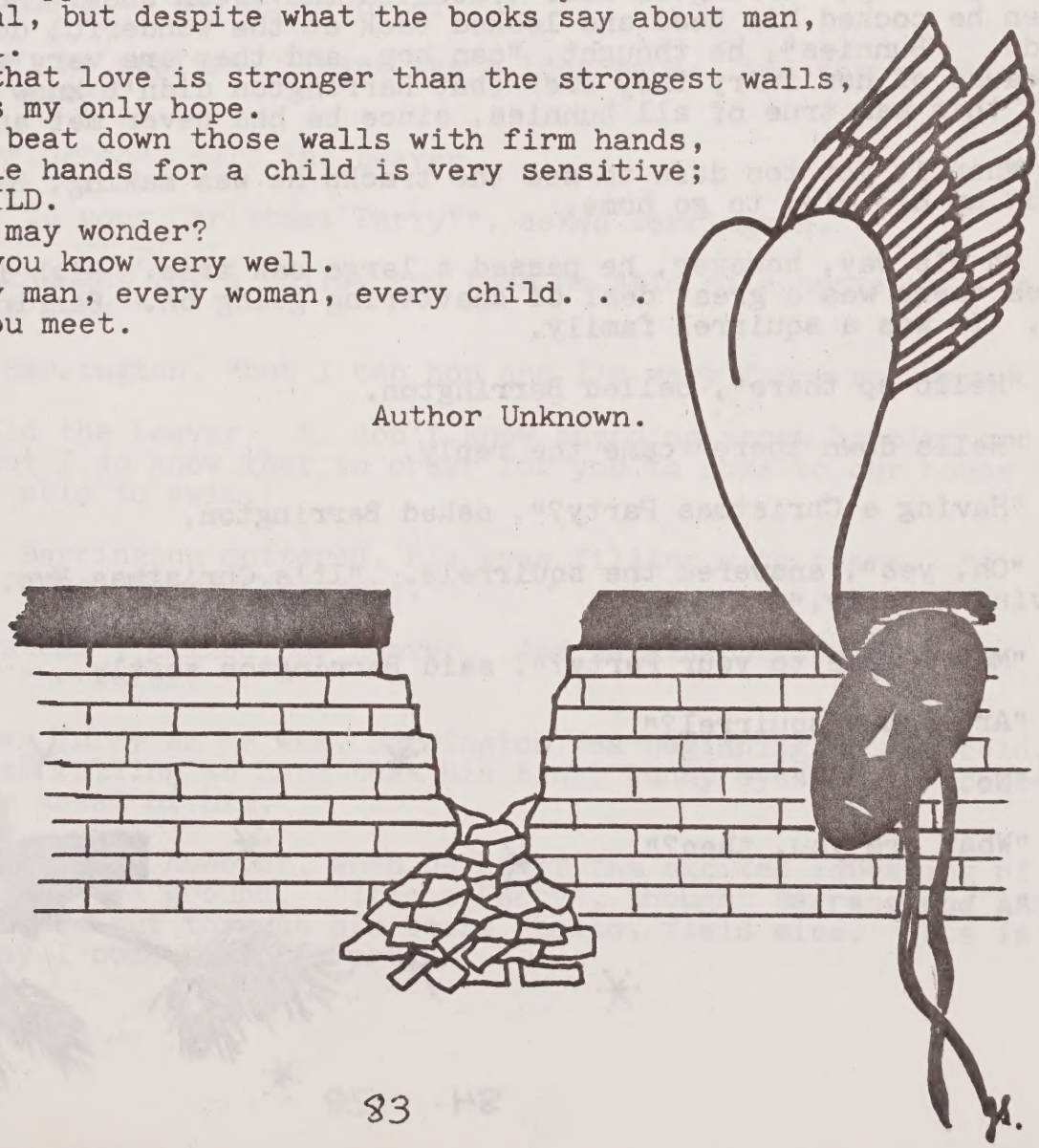
Don't be fooled by me.
Don't be fooled by the mask I wear,
For I wear a mask; I wear a thousand masks;
Masks that I'm afraid to take off, and none of them are me.
Pretending is an art that is second nature with me,
But don't be fooled, for God's sake don't be fooled.
I give the impression that I'm secure, that all is sunny, unruffled,
with me, within as well as without;
That confidence is my name and coolness is my game;
That the waters are calm and that I'm in command, and I need no one.
But don't believe, please don't.
My surface may seem smooth;
But my surface is my mask, my ever-varying and ever-concealing mask.
Beneath lies no smugness, no complacency.
Beneath dwells the real me, in confusion, in fear, in loneliness.
But I hide this, I don't want anybody to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and of being exposed.
That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind,
A nonchalant sophisticated facade to help me pretend,
To shield from the glance that knows.
But such a glance is precisely my salvation,
My only salvation, and I know it.
That is, if that glance is followed by acceptance,
If it's followed by love.
It's the only thing that will assure me of what I can assure myself,
That I'm really worth something.
But I don't tell you this, I don't dare.
I'm afraid to.

I'm afraid your glance will not be followed by love and acceptance.
It's the only thing that can liberate me.
I'm afraid that you will think less of me,
That you'll laugh, and your laugh will kill me.
I'm afraid that deep down inside I'm nothing,
That I'm just no good, and that you see and reject me.
So I play games, my desperate, pretending games,
With a facade of assurance on the outside, and a trembling child within,
And so begins the parade of masks,
The glittering but empty parade of masks.
And my life becomes a front.
I idly chatter with you in the suave tones of surface talk.
I tell you everything that's really nothing,
Nothing of which is everything, of what's crying within me.
So when I'm going through my routine,
Do not be fooled by what I'm saying.
Please listen carefully and try to hear what I'm not saying;
What I'd like to be able to say,
What, for survival, I need to say, but I can't say.
I dislike the hiding; honestly I do.
I dislike the superficial, phony games I'm playing.
I'd really like to be genuine, spontaneous, and me;
But you have to help me.

You have to help me by holding our your hand,
Even when that's the last thing I seem to want or need.
Only you can call me into aliveness.
Each time you are kind and gentle and encouraging,
Each time you try to understand because you really care,
My heart begins to grow wings.
Very small wings.
Very feeble wings, but wings.
With your sensitivity and sympathy and your power of understanding,
I can make it.
You can breathe life into me.
I want you to know that.
I want you to know how important you are to me,
How you can be a creator of the person that is me if you choose to.
Only you can wipe away from my eyes the blank stares of the breathing dead.
Please choose to.
You alone can break down the wall behind which I tremble;
You alone can remove the mask;
You alone can release me from my shadow world of panic and uncertainty,
From my lonely prison.
So do not pass me by.
Please do not pass by.
It will not be easy for you.
A long conviction of worthlessness builds strong walls.
The nearer you approach me, the blinder I may strike back.
It's irrational, but despite what the books say about man,
I'm irrational.
But I'm told that love is stronger than the strongest walls,
And there lies my only hope.
Please try to beat down those walls with firm hands,
But with gentle hands for a child is very sensitive;
And I AM A CHILD.
Who am I, you may wonder?
I am someone you know very well.
For I am every man, every woman, every child. . .
Every human you meet.

Author Unknown.



BARRINGTON

Once upon a time, in a large forest, there lived a very furry bunny. He had one lop ear, a tiny black nose and unusually shiny eyes. His name was Barrington.

Barrington was not really a very handsome bunny. He was brown and speckled and his ears didn't stand up right. But he could hop, and he was, as I said, very furry.

In a way winter is fun for bunnies. After all, it gives them an opportunity to hop in the snow and then turn around to see where they have hopped. So, in a way, winter was fun for Barrington.

But in another way winter made Barrington sad, for you see, winter marked the time when all of the animal families got together in their cozy homes to celebrate Christmas. He could hop, and he was very furry, but as far as Barrington knew, he was the only bunny in the forest.

When Christmas Eve finally came Barrington did not feel like going home all by himself. So he decided that he would hop for a while in the clearing at the centre of the forest.

Hop - hop, Barrington made tracks in the fresh snow. Hop - hop, then he cocked his head and looked back at the wonderful designs he had made. "Bunnies", he thought, "can hop, and they are very warm, too, because of how furry they are" (but Barrington didn't know whether or not this was true of all bunnies, since he had never met another bunny).

When it got too dark to see the tracks he was making, Barrington made up his mind to go home.

On his way, however, he passed a large oak tree. High in the branches there was a great deal of chattering going on. Barrington looked up. It was a squirrel family.

"Hello up there", called Barrington.

"Hello down there" came the reply.

"Having a Christmas Party?", asked Barrington.

"Oh, yes", answered the squirrels. "It's Christmas Eve. Everybody's having a party."

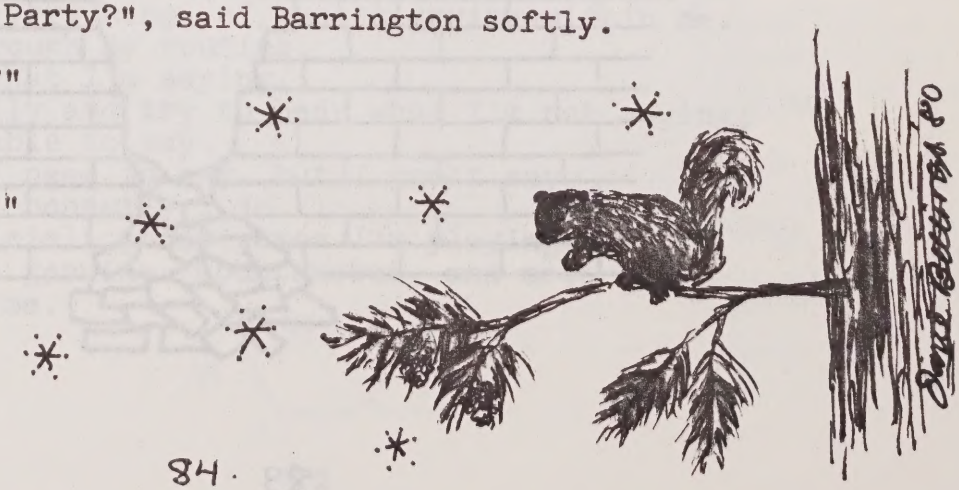
"May I come to your Party?", said Barrington softly.

"Are you a squirrel?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A bunny."



"A bunny?"

"Yes."

"Well, how can you come to the Party if you're a bunny? Bunnies can't climb trees."

"That's true", said Barrington thoughtfully, "but I can hop and I'm very furry and warm."

"We're sorry", called the squirrels. "We don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but we do know that in order to come to our house you have to be able to climb trees."

"Oh well", said Barrington. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas", chattered the squirrels, and the unfortunate bunny hopped of toward his tiny house.

It was beginning to snow when Barrington reach the river. Near the river bank was a wonderfully constructed house of sticks and mud. Inside there was singing. "It's the beavers", thought Barrington. "Maybe they will let me come to their Party." And so he knocked on the door.

"Who's out there?", called a voice.

"Barrington", he replied. There was a long pause, and then a shiny head broke the water.

"Hello, Barrington", said the beaver.

"May I come to your Christmas Party?", asked Barrington.

The beaver thought for a while, and then he said "I suppose so. Do you know how to swim?"

"No", said Barrington, "but I can hop and I'm very furry and warm".

"Sorry", said the beaver. "I don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but I do know that in order for you to come to our house you have to be able to swim."

"Oh, well", Barrington muttered, his eyes filling with tears. "I suppose that's true, Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas", called the beaver. And he disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Even being as furry as he was, Barrington was beginning to get cold. And the snow was falling so hard that his tiny, bunny eyes could scarcely see what was ahead of him.

He was almost home, however, when he heart the excited squeaking of field mice beneath the ground. "It's a Party", thought Barrington. And suddenly he blurted out through his tears "hello, field mice. This is Barrington. May I come to your Party?"

But the wind was howling so loudly and Barrington was sobbing so much that no one heard him. And when there was no response at all, Barrington just sat down in the snow and began to cry with all his might. "Bunnies", he thought, "aren't any good to no one. What good is it to be furry and to be able to hop if you don't have any family on Christmas Eve?"

Barrington cried and cried. When he stopped crying he began to bite on his bunny's foot, but he didn't move from where he was sitting in the snow. Suddenly, Barrington was aware that he was not alone. He looked up and strained his shiny eyes to see who was there. To his surprise, he saw a great silver wolf. The wolf was large and strong, and his eyes flashed fire. He was the most beautiful animal Barrington had ever seen.

For a long time the silver wolf didn't say anything at all. He just sat there and looked at Barrington with those terrible eyes. Then, slowly and deliberately, the wolf spoke. "Barrington", he said, in a gentle voice, "Why are you sitting in the snow?"

"Because it's Christmas Eve", said Barrington, "and I don't have any family, and bunnies aren't any good to anyone".

"Bunnies are too good", said the wolf. "Bunnies can hop and they are very warm."

"What good is that?" Barrington sniffed.

"It's very good indeed", the wolf went on, "because it is a gift bunnies are given, a free gift with no strings attached. And every gift that is given to anyone is give for a reason. Some day you will see why it is good to hop and to be warm and furry."

"But it's Christmas", moaned Barrington, "and I'm all alone. I don't have any family at all."

"Of course you do", replied the wolf, "all the animals in the forest are your family."

And then the wolf disappeared. He simply wasn't there. Barrington had only blinked his eyes, and when he looked, the wolf was gone.

"All the animals in the forest are my family", thought Barrington. "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies can hop; that's a gift." And then he said it again: "A gift, a free gift."

On into the night Barrington worked. First he found the best stick that he could (and that was difficult because of the snow). Then hop - hop to the beaver's house. He left the stick just outside the door, with a note on it that read: "Here is a good stick for you house. It is a gift. A free gift. No strings attached. Signed, a member of your family."

Then Barrington dug and dug. Soon he had gathered together enough leaves and grass to make the squirrel's nest warmer. Hop - hop, he laid the grass and dead leaves just under the large oak tree and attached this message: "A gift, a free gift. From one of your family."

It was very late when Barrington finally started for home, and what made things worse was that he knew a blizzard was beginning. Hop - hop. Soon poor Barrington was lost. The wind howled furiously, and it was very, very cold.

"It certainly is cold", he said out loud. "It's a good thing I'm so warm and furry. But if I don't find my way home soon, I might freeze.

"Squeak - squeak." And then he saw it—a baby field mouse lost in the snow. And the little mouse was crying.

"Hello, little mouse", Barrington called. "Don't cry. I'll be right there. Hop - hop, and Barrington was beside the tiny mouse.

"I'm lost", said the little fellow. "I'll never find my way home, and I'll freeze."

"You won't freeze", said Barrington. "I'm a bunny and bunnies are very furry and warm. You stay right where you are and I'll cover you up."

Barrington lay on top of the little mouse and hugged him tight; the tiny fellow felt himself surrounded by warm fur. He cried for a while, but soon, snug and warm, he fell asleep.

Barrington had only two thoughts that long, cold night. First, he thought, "It's good to be a bunny, bunnies are furry and warm." And then, when he felt the heart of the tiny mouse beneath him, beating regularly, he thought, "All the animals in the forest are my family."

Next morning the field mice found there little boy, asleep in the snow, warm and snug beneath the carcass of a dead bunny. Their relief and excitement was so great that they didn't even think to question where the bunny had come from.

And as for the beavers and the squirrels, they still wonder which member of their families left the little gifts for them that Christmas Eve.

After the field mice had left, Barrington's body simply lay in the snow. There was no sound except that of the howling wind. And no one, anywhere in the forest, noticed the great silver wolf, who came to stand beside that brown, lop-eared carcass.

But the wolf did come, and he stood there. Without moving or saying a word. All Christmas day, until it was night, and then he disappeared into the forest.

By Leslie Richards

ONLY CRIPPLED

Justice is not blind
the bombing of a church
in alabama. . .four
little girls dead
Meger Evers
Martin Luther King, Jr.
Malcolm X, Robert L. Jackson
Fred Hampton, Mark Clark
George & Jonathon Jackson
But. . .these don't count.

Tricky Dick got richer
writing his memoirs
and My Lai is as
real as Nagasaki
Hiroshima, Angola
Mozambique
the apartheid in South Africa -
South Africa? Amerika, too!!
But, these don't count.

Like those left over 'Nam!
The armless, sightless
legless, drug addicts. . .
the ones who remember bombs
dropping. . .the flashes when
they hit, the screaming
and dying
waking in a
sweat, still remembering -
But these don't count.

Ask Dessie Woods, Joan Little
the Wilmington 10, the Jackson
Brothers or Leonard Peltier
the jobless, homeless
the aborted life of a
child who came to be
because of want
or was it greed?
But these don't count.

A mis-used and abused
prison system
political system
prison system
ecology
over crowded
prison
money pockets
system life
death life death
life and
money in pockets and
death 'n prison
system 'n
politics 'n pockets
of money system

and justice ain't blind
and justice ain't blind
and Justice is not blind. . .
only CRIPPLED!

By Julius Daniel Snowden

RECLAIMING OURSELVES:

A FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE OF PORNOGRAPHY

Pornography: The ideological basis for the systematic persecution of women by men. It is a means of social control. Pornography is an integral part of the indoctrination process that routinely portrays women and children in violent and degrading situations for the purpose of another's pleasure and satisfaction.

Women are oppressed throughout the world. The list of crimes against women is as long as it is horrifying—from economic dependence to deforming fashions—from objectification to murder. In Canada alone, we are faced with the reality that 1 woman is raped every 17 minutes, 1 woman in 4 is sexually assaulted before the age of 18, and over 50% of wives are battered. Taking a closer look at the statistics on rape, we see that for everly 140 reported rapes, only 1 results in the conviction of the rapist. Violence against women is propagated by the use of language and imagery as exemplified by the hate literature of pornography.

"Pornography is the theory—rape and femicide is the practice."

Many of us have long responded to pornography with loathing, yet could not clearly state our objections. One of the reasons for our confusion is that male producers and protagonists of pornography often use the words pornographic and erotic interchangeably. Yet, when we look closely at pornographic and erotic materials, the line between the two blurs. What, in fact, are the differences? They are not clear.

Both pornography and erotica come from the Greek language, the interpretations varying slightly from source to source. When we examine the word 'pornography' we see that it originates from 'porne' meaning, prostitute, female captives, and 'graphein' to write, therefore the writing of harlots. Prostitutes, female captives and harlots exist in a relationship that is dependent upon male needs, demands and control. Therefore, implicit in the word pornography is dominance and violence against women. As Robin Morgan says: ". . .pornography's basic message is domination not reciprocity. It defines sex as male aggression and the female body as the target of conquest." According to Diane Russell, ". . .pornographic movies, pictures and stories are a celebration of male power over women and the sexist wish that women's sexuality and values be totally subservient to men's."

When we examine the root of the word erotica we face the problem of dealing with a male-defined language which excludes our experience. We find that erotica derives from the word Eros: ". . .a son of Aphrodite who excites erotic love in gods and men with his arrows and torches." In this definition the emotion of love is intertwined with messages of pain; a message that has been reiterated in Christian thought. Think of the religious ecstasy of Bernini's St. Theresa as she is pierced by an angel's arrow. This double message of love and pain has been continued into contemporary times as exemplified by the familiar motif of a heart shot through by the arrows of Eros's messenger, Cupid.

The confusion between erotica and pornography has lead to an obscuring of the reality of violence against women in favour of civil-libertarian arguments, such as the right to freedom of speech, expression and sexuality. Images that are often defined by society as erotica, art, collector's items, masterpieces and the like take on a different meaning when viewed from a feminist perspective. Glance at a book such as the "Erotic Art Of The Masters", by Bradley Smith. What is the difference between Gustave Courbet's 'masterpiece' painting of a woman's torso and genitalia (entitled L'Origine du Monde, in "Erotic Art Of The Masters", page 56) and a Hustler crotch shot? As feminists, we can only understand this use of the word erotica to be a male euphemism for pornography. We see these images as pornographic, violent and degrading towards us. So, whose freedoms are we really talking about?

Pornography, implicitly and explicitly, links violence, pain and pleasure in its' definition of sexuality. For example, men have assumed the role of their gods by the use of the penis as weapon and have used it to terrorize and colonize women through rape and sexual coercion. Even if we are not yet the actual victims of rape, we live in constant fear of being the next one attacked. We are brainwashed through every aspect of our patriarchal culture into believing the power and the glory of the penis which results in a life of crippling paranoia and degradation of our self-worth and self-respect.

In a further perversion of sexuality men have taught women to accept pain as part of love. This is a basic theme in pornography. For example, an issue of Penthouse featured a picture of a woman floating, corpse like, in a swimming pool, clad in a bra, garter belt, stockings, high heels and quoted as saying, "I don't mind a little bit of pain in sex, so long as it doesn't leave any marks."

Men's intertwining of violence and sex is exemplified by a well-known military ditty that goes: "This is my weapon, this is my gun,
This is for business, this is for fun."
The man's 'weapon' is for killing, his 'gun' is for screwing. In this ditty, his manufactured 'gun' ie. his weapon and his anatomical 'gun' ie. his penis are both equated as tools of power and pleasure. Not only have men frequently defined and used their genitals as weapons but they have glorified its' shape in symbolism that is accepted in many, many forms. Phallic objects abound in magazine advertisements, record covers, billboards, movies, etc., often aimed directly at one or more parts of a woman's body.

If we are to survive as women or aspire to the dubious title of "sexually liberated", we must not only be eager receptacles for the omnipotent penis, but we must also glorify it. In pornography and 'erotic' art, women are often shown in attitudes of worship and ecstasy over a disproportionally large penis. In doing so, women are exalted as those who have attained the feminine ideal, who are truly a 'man's woman'.

The language and imagery, as we understand it today, has been defined by men in power and as such women's herstory and experience of life is frequently hidden. It either fails to reflect our existence or it reflects our existence through a male interpretation. Let's consider the messages that are inherent in the male depiction of sensuality as illustrated in pornography. The images show passive, submissive women, violated and degraded, available to service men's every desire. The images

reflect patriarchal values which are anti-sentient and anti-life. Men are systematically destroying women, themselves and all other life on earth.

Women have always been oppressed by pornography. When we compare the recent growth of pornography with that of the current women's movement, we can see a correlation. The widespread acceptance of pornography has become possible through the sophistication of technology, which has enabled publication and distribution to take place on a massive scale.

If we examine the past four decades, we see the male fetish for large breasts was personified in the 1940's by Jane Russell. She was molded into the ideal popular sex object. "Esquire", a pornographic men's magazine, was published for the first time. Ironically during the same period the economic necessity of women's daily lives saw them fighting to retain the men's jobs that it had been necessary for them to take over during the war years, as well as continuing to fight for the acceptance of birth control.

In the Fifties, the first issue of "Playboy" was published, featuring a centrefold of Marilyn Monroe, the current reigning sex goddess. We also saw the beginning of the macho motorcycle gangs. Women as a whole were pushed a step backwards, despite Simone de Beauvoir's insightful book on feminism, "The Second Sex". Marriage and motherhood were glorified as the most noble careers a woman could aspire to.

By the Sixties, explicit sex and violence were being shown in movies, magazines, books and on television (ie. "Bonnie and Clyde", "Easy Rider", "The Killing Of Sister George"). There was a general acceptance of this by society. At the same time, however, there was growing resistance to established authority. Women, who became politically active in the New Left liberation movements, grew disillusioned as they realized their own rights were being ignored or co-opted. They joined together in a resurgence of the women's movement to fight their oppression. Coincidentally, we saw the availability of the Pill and the easing of abortion laws.

By the 1970's, pornography had become a multi-billion dollar business. Child pornography gained popular acceptance through such movies as "Taxi Driver" and "Pretty Baby". Oral V. D. in children increased at this time. Snuff movies, in which women are tortured and dismembered for the purposes of male titillation, appeared on the underground pornography market. Feminists were given 1975 as International Women's Year as we became angry, active and demanded recognition as a social force. It is no accident that the increase of pornography has followed hard on the heels of the knowlege of feminism. As Andrea Dworkin has pointed out, "Violent pornography is death threats to a female population in rebellion". She has also stated that: ". . .genocide begins, however improbably, in the conviction that biological differences sanction social and political discrimination."

Once society accepts and endorses oppression based upon differences of sex and race, it becomes easy to commit atrocities against us, ranging from using our bodies to sell commodities to rape and genocide.

One of the many mechanisms by which we are brutally oppressed is by objectification. This process allows us to be seen as inhuman, and as such, it is easy to deny our feelings, needs, desires, and experiences.

We have been bombarded by these images of women to such an extent that it has become the accepted way in which men and often we ourselves view women. Overall we are not shown as integral beings seeking our own satisfaction and fulfillment but rather appear as passive objects displaying ourselves for male pleasure, or as objects for the use of men.

If we look at how women are portrayed in advertising and pornography, several patterns appear. One very common method of objectifying women is fragmentation. Women are shown in bits and pieces, as fragments—lips, legs, breasts, buttocks—never as a whole. It is so often used in male images of women that we are no longer startled by ourselves portrayed in this manner. Take a close look at magazine and newspaper ads, billboards, record covers and pornography. Consider how portions of women's bodies are used to sell products, as the butt of humour and to train the viewer to see women's bodies as dismembered sexual parts.

Once the connection has been established between the use of women's bodies as sex objects to promote sales, it becomes easy to extend, by association, the desirability-saleability of any object or place by putting a women's body beside it. The connection that is made between the woman and the object being sold is totally arbitrary, such as putting Goya's painting of a reclining nude woman (entitled "The Nude Maja) beside a tire rim.

An important part of understanding the despotic male power of pornography is the implicit social relationship that exists between the viewer and the image. There is always the assumption that men are the surveyors /users and that women are there to be surveyed/to be used. Women are shown in an idealized male fantasy-image that ignores their reality. The faces are young, passive, Caucasian, usually painted and always conforming to the male defined stereotyped of female beauty. Facial hair, wrinkles and blemishes are never seen or accepted. All flaws are either removed or airbrushed away The eyes are either closed or alluringly telling the viewer that she is available and waiting for his pleasure whatever that may be The position of the body is often grossly distorted in order to display her availability. The clothes are uncomfortable, revealing and impractical. No women choose to stand, sit, dress or act in these ways.

Another variation of the male/female, surveyor/user relationship is seen in the increasing number of pornographic portrayals of lesbian sexuality. Lesbianism has been represented and accepted throughout history for the voyeuristic titillation of men. Even when women are shown loving women, male dominance is maintained. This is done in two ways. First, the women's bodies are always positioned for display. They are there for the use of the viewer. Or secondly, a man is in the picture either as voyeur or in a position of power over the women. Women loving women are accepted in so-called sexually liberated male circles only if a man is in control.

Another pattern that emerges as we study pornography further is that of women being shown with groups of men. The power relationship between the women and the men is quite clear. Women are in various stages of undress or naked and vulnerable while the men are fully clothed. The women are there to serve the men with their bodies, either passively or by force if necessary. Even when the numbers are reversed, the women are

still powerless and are there as servers or decorations for the men. Whatever the circumstances, they look happy and/or submissive.

As women take control over thier lives, men are unable to relate to us. As many feminists have said, it is not mere chance that the increase in pornography has coincided with the growing strength and power of the of the women's movement. Men are attempting to regain control and status over women by increasing the violence against us, as well as openly turning to the exploitation and sexual abuse of children.

The attractiveness of pornography to men is apparent in it's images of passive women eager and willing to do anything and everything to satisfy the male need for power. In child pornography, societal value of passivity and youth in women are taken to their extreme. Young girls pose no threat to the collective male ego. The younger the mind and body, the easier it is to mold towards submission. When women reach maturity, but not too mature, they can be an extra turn on for their viewers, when they accept the quasi attributes of a child, as exemplified by the conscious use of knee-socks, virginal white panties, toys and bubblegum. When women older than 25 are used though, they are shown as worthless or ridiculous, often as the butt of humour.

Humour plays an important part in the ideological process that oppresses women. The use of humour in the form of cartoons camouflages the message of hatred against women. Its' form is fun-loving and therefore supposedly harmless. Humour can be seen as an important step in the process of making what is unacceptable in real life situations acceptable in theory. It is a first step in breaking down inhibitions against the use of violence. It shows women to be acceptable and appropriate targets for violence and degradation. In the pornography that we studied cartoons contained some of the most violent messages we saw, all done in the name of 'erotic' humour! Women were shown mutilated or with their heads blown off—helpless victims of atrocities. Would you find this kind of humour funny?

Violence against women, much of it with sado-masochistic overtones, has permeated the media at every level. It is found in fashion magazines newspapers, films, record covers and all other magazines and books. As the momentum of the women's movement has increased, sado-masochism has become more popular. Once considered the perverted pleasure of a select few, it has now become accepted as normal and healthy. Women are shown as bound, gagged, beaten and forced into all kinds of sexual acts and accepting it as their 'natural' sexuality. Sado-masochistic images reinforce the stereotypical male-female relationship of a powerful, strong, macho-male and a weak, passive, submissive female. These images train us to accept the lie that our discomfort and pain is our pleasure.

The S. & M. message of pleasure through pain and restriction is conveyed through popular everyday male-designed fashions such as straps, lace-up tops, garter belts, corsets, slit skirts and stiletto heels. These have all been a traditional staple in pornography. These are fashions that men have deemed appropriate for us to wear as sex objects. They are either restrictive, uncomfortable or detrimental to our health. Try running away from an attacker in a sheath-tight slit skirt and stiletto heels. It is clear that women do not design these fashions for their own comfort or needs.

From advertising to pornography, our bodies and minds are defined by men. We are told what to look like, what to think, and how to act in order to please a man. We are encouraged to wear 'erotic' and 'sexy' fashions, such as those from "Chatelaine", "Cosmopolitan", "Vogue", and "Frederick's of Hollywood", but it is a short step from these fashions to heavy leather, whips, dog collars, handcuffs and pierced nipples, in fact, overt degradation of women. These fashions and images are telling us again that the acceptance and self-infliction of pain is the way to sexual satisfaction for both ourselves and men. If we deny the notion that pain and degradation are pleasurable, we are accused of being prudish and uptight. A truly liberated woman is open, all orifices ready and waiting, accepting anything, whatever that might be.

As if all of these things were not enough, with the increase of technology, capitalism has found yet another means of exploiting us. The market is now being saturated with cheap pornographic video and film, featuring such items as: "Young Pussy Galore", "Coming On Strong", "Teenage Spanking", "Rape and Rapture", and "Licking Lovelies". Once more, our sexuality is being defined in male terms and exploited for male gain. The dominant message in all pornography is clearly directed towards women who are challenging male definitions and authority: stay in your place or pay the price.

As real women become less submissive, a new commodity has been placed on the market, the ever-ready, guaranteed passive, never-answers-back, life-sized synthetic doll. It comes complete with 3 use-it and abuse-it orifices. Surely this reflects men's total inability to relate to women as human beings.

As a result of these male values, women have been taught to accept, sexually respond to, and seek satisfaction through submission and pain. Violence against women in the name of love and liberated sex is frequent and accepted. Outside of male definitions, our sexuality has been little explored. As women, we are beginning to reclaim and redefine it for ourselves. Some women have attempted to place the female experience into the definition of erotic to include a potential for mutual caring and communication through the senses, unlike pornography and male-defined erotica. Myrna Kostash defines it as, ". . .that gentle, laughing, administering embrace of sensual camaraderie." Audre Lorde, talking about the female viewpoint, views the erotic as that which is, ". . .the personification of love in all it's aspects. . .personifying creative power and harmony. When I speak of the erotic then, I speak of it as an assertion of the life force of women, of that creative energy empowered, the knowledge and use of which we are now reclaiming in our language, our history, our dancing, our loving, our work and our bodies." Through these feminist definitions we begin to understand that the erotic need not necessarily be confined to genital sexuality.

Pornography cripples and kills us. Women all over the world have started to fight back. We must reclaim our sexuality, our bodies, our minds and our spirits. As women, we must join forces to destroy pornography and male-defined erotica. We are beginning to educate ourselves and others about the women-hatred expressed in it. We are using our anger and creative energy to find ways to fight back. We must take direct actions: speaking out against pornography, refusing to have it in our homes, self-defence, demonstrating, leafletting and boycotting premises that carry pornographic and 'erotic' materials.

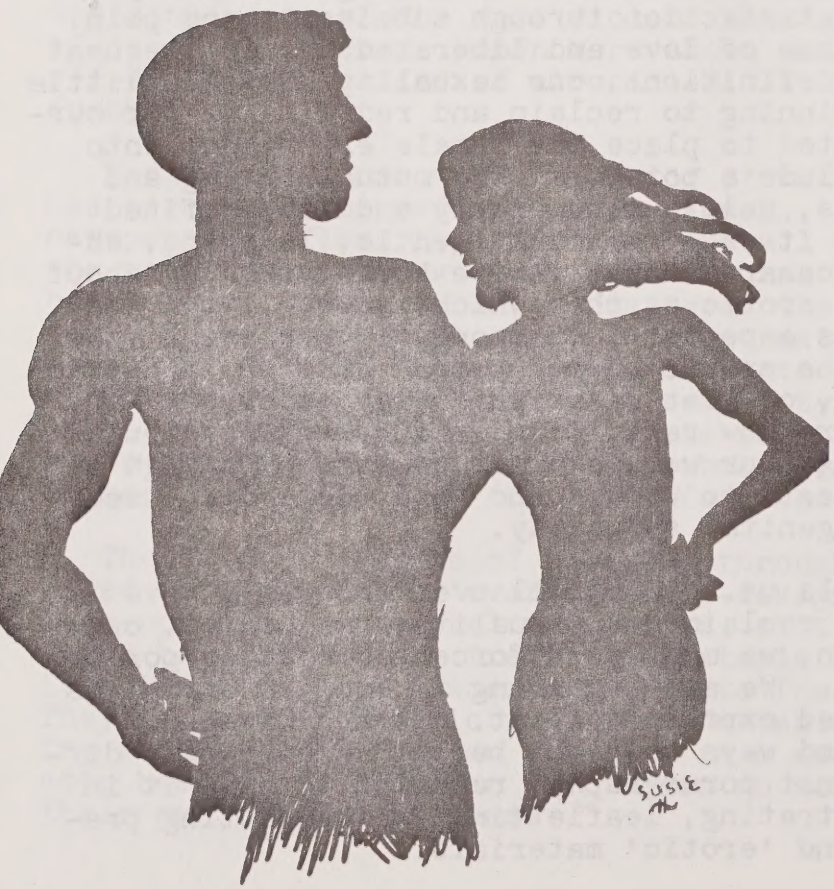
In order to survive, we must fight to have our experience recognized and validated in the ideological process. We must, in part, do this by developing our mental and technical skills so that we will be able to understand, make and control the images that represent women.

We choose not to put the majority of our energies into law reform. Not because it's difficult to distinguish between what is degrading and violent to women and what is sexually enlightening and fulfilling to human potential, but because, as feminists, we have no reason to believe that those in power, the authorities have anything to gain by legalizing and enforcing the changes we advocate. We would be putting out far too much energy for too few returns. How can we expect the system that oppresses us to work towards its own downfall?

We must reject the male definitions and images that misrepresent our lives and find other ways to combat our oppression. We've got to fight back!

Authors: Marion Barling, Mickey McCaffrey Suzanne Perreault

The above article is adapted from the script of a slide-sound show entitled: "Reclaiming Ourselves: A Feminist Perspective Of Pornography, 1979". This production is available for rental or sale from Women In Focus, #6 - 45 Kingsway, Vancouver, B. C. V5T 3H7. Phone: 872-2250



EDITOR'S NOTE

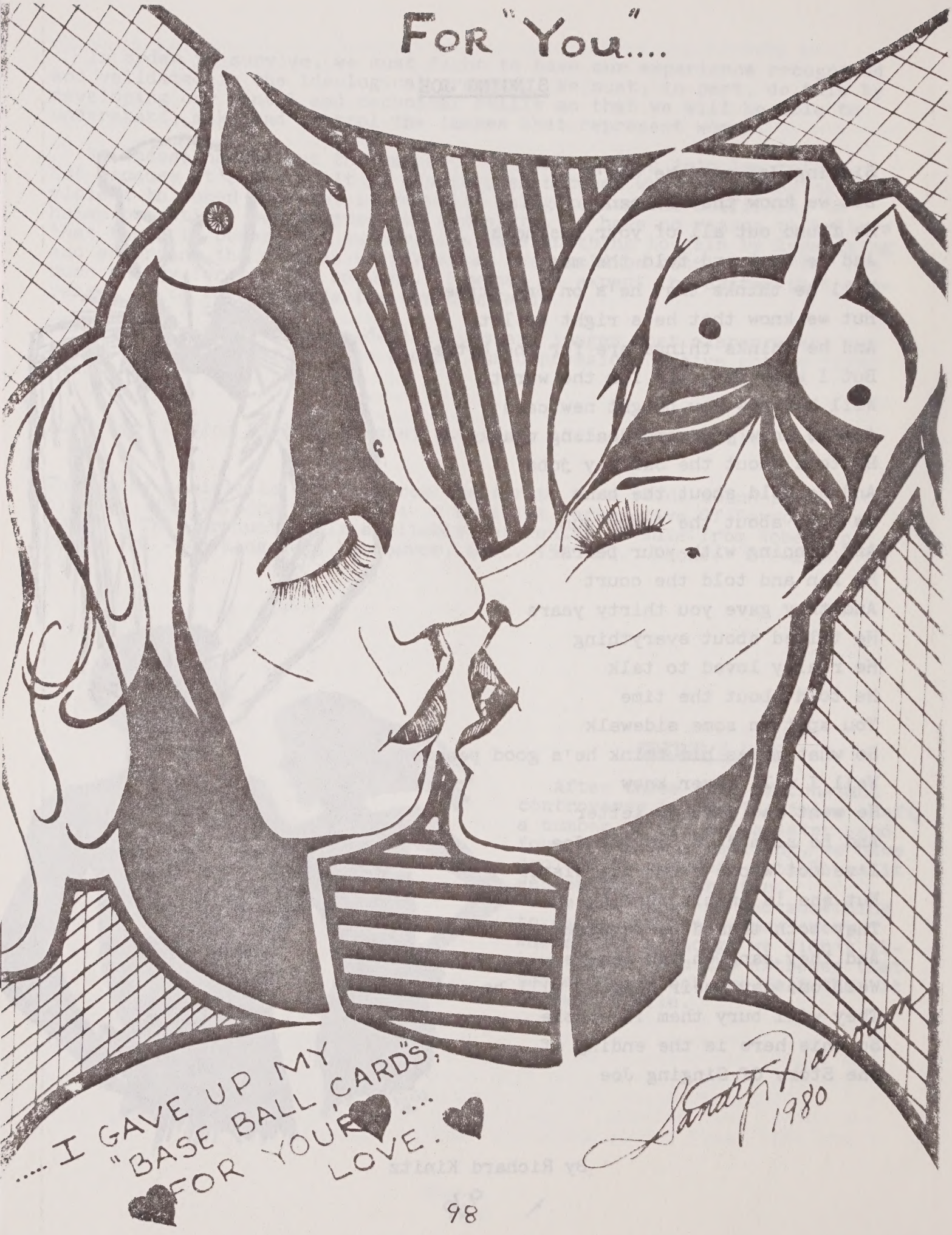
After three days of constant controversy by the Tightwire staff, a number of arguments later, and four attempts at editing, we have decided to run this article as it was originally written.

We felt that it had something to say to men and women every where, and although we didn't always agree with the extremes that the article took, we felt that it was worthwhile.

SINGING JOE

Singing Joe said he can't
But we know that he can
He found out all of your business
And he went and told the man
Well he thinks that he's on 3rd street
But we know that he's right on 1st
And he thinks things are for the better
But I know they are for the worst
Well he knew you bought new cars
And he knew you were dealing crank
He told about the Safeway jobs
And he told about the bank
He told about the Tommy gun
And running with your peers
He ran and told the court
And they gave you thirty years
He talked about everything
He really loved to talk
He told about the time
You spit on some sidewalk
So what makes him think he's good people
Well I will never know
He went and wrote a letter
And he signed it Singing Joe
I've not wrote about his sister
But she is in his family
They both teamed up together
And they sang on you and me
Well one day their singing will be ended
They will bury them in a hole
So this here is the ending of
The Story Of Singing Joe

By Richard Kinitz


FOR "YOU"....
....I GAVE UP MY "BASE BALL CARDS", FOR YOUR .... LOVE.
1980

REASON FOR LIFE

I don't know how to say it, but somehow it seems to me
That maybe we are stationed where God wanted us to be;
That the little place I'm filling is the reason for my birth,
And just to do the work I do, He sent me down to earth.

If God had wanted otherwise, I reckon He'd have made
Me just a little different, of a worse or better grade;
And, since God knows and understands all things of land and sea,
I fancy that He placed me here, just where He wanted me.

Sometimes, I get to thinking, as my labours I review,
That I should like a higher place with greater things to do;
But I come to the conclusion, when the envying is stilled,
That the post to which God sent me is the post He wanted filled.

So, I plod along and struggle in the hope, when day is through,
That I'm really necessary to the things God wants to do;
And there isn't any service I can give, which I should scorn,
For it may be just the reason God allowed that I be born.

Author Unknown

INTERVIEW WITH JOAN ROSS

The following interview was done with Joan Ross, as I felt that there would be some readers who would be interested in someone who was doing time during the 50's. The interview is done by our editor, Beverly Whitney.

Bev: Joan, what year were you first placed in the Mercer?

Joan: 1950.

Bev: Is it true that in that point in time there was a silent system, and could you tell us a bit about it?

Joan: Yes, it's true, and the only time you were allowed to talk was during your break period in the working hours, and during recreation after supper.

Bev: Is it true that at that time there were also smoking restrictions?

Joan: Yes, we were allowed only four cigarretes a day at that time; one at each meal and one in the evening,

Bev: What was an average day at the Mercer? like, how did you spend your time?

Joan: We got up at 7:00 in the morning, we went to breakfast and worked until 11:00. Then lunch, a rest period till 1:00, then we worked the rest of the day. In the evening there wasn't too much, a bit of baseball, or in the winter we were in the gym, but that is kind of restrictive, too.

Bev: What were the work areas at the Mercer, and how much were you paid?

Joan: We weren't paid. Say you were doing six months; you got $10.00 when you left.

Bev: So you had to work. Did you get a thing like a canteen?

Joan: No, none. But as things improved after the riot of 1950—they rioted for tobbaco —then they started giving us two packages of tobbaco a week.

Bev: Could you tell us about the riot, like what happened, etc.?

Joan: I don't believe the Mercer was the only institution that rioted at that time. I believe a few of the men's institutions participated also, but it was mostly for tobbaco and a sanitary pads, which we didn't have. It was the second time offenders who started it; at that time it was my first offence so we were kept separated from repeaters, so I more or less wound up under a table.

Bev: At that point in time were there any programs for recreation?

Joan: We had one movie a week which was show in the dining room, and we were not allowed to smoke during it, and if you made a noise you were told to leave. They had a P. A. system, which didn't work very well, but whatever little music we could get at that time came from it.

Bev: Where they very strict back then?

Joan: Yes, if you said 'hell' or 'damn', my dear, it could cost you quite a bit.

Bev: How do inmates today compareto inmates in the 50's?

Joan: Well, I found, being a young person at that time, that the old-timers kind of took you in hand and taught you right from wrong, and once you were told, you either followed suit or you became somewhat ostracized by the population if you didn't. Stool pigeons were just not tolerated in any way.

Bev: Do you find with all the new programs today it's easier or harder to do time?

Joan: Sometimes, well, I find it easier, naturally, because you can have things like tape decks, etc., which you couldn't have then in those days. You own clothing you can have now; matter of fact I can remember we wore long brown stockings in the summer, back in those days. But I find it harder to do time now, because it's a new generation, and I don't find them as solid as what they were in my day. They seem to, ah, I can't explain how I feel about it; it's just a whole new breed.

Bev: This is your second time at the Prison For Women?

Joan: Yes.

Bev: And your sentences are approximately twelve and a half years apart?

Joan: No, nine years apart.

Bev: How do you feel the Prison For Women has changed in the past nine years? Good or bad?

Joan: Well, I see mostly good changes; the fact that you can have about anything in here within reason, to make life easier for you. I find in a lot of ways it's changed, too, because, like I said before, it's a whole new breed of people coming in, and I find it hard to know who you can talk to, who you can trust; there's not many you can trust, any more.

Bev: O. K. Going back to the Mercer in the 50's, what time were you locked in your cell?

Joan: We were locked in at 8:00 every night.

Bev: That's <u>every</u> night?

Joan: Yes, we started out being lock up at 7:00, but then we got it at 8:00 every night, summer, winter and fall.

Bev: Those old floors in the Mercer, did you have to do them by hand?

Joan: Yes, you did them on your hands and knees—hard wood old floors they were—and you scrubbed them till they were white. White, till you could eat off them.

Bev: Was there a real division in those days between the staff and the inmates?

Joan: Yes, I would say so. You didn't sit down and talk to staff, like you see them do now; you stayed on your own side of the fence. In fact, I can't recall ever seeing anyone talking to staff, unless you were short a partner for bridge or something.

Bev: So what you're saying is then, women in jail stuck together; more of a solid bunch?

Joan: Oh, yes, definitely. You never had any of this running around, you know. Well, we never had any such thing as a classification officer, or all these assistant this and that, whatever their titles may be here, it just wasn't done in those days.

Bev: In those days, if someone had an argument with the staff, would everyone stick together?

Joan: Yes, definitely.

Bev: Did you have the problem of passes, and people trying to earn a day in those days?

Joan: You earned your good time by your work and staying out of trouble. Like, if you were in the hole for three days, you lost three days of your good time, but you knew at all times where you stood; it was no halfway measure, like, I wonder if I lost this or lost that.

Bev: Do you feel, at that time, that the Provincial Department Of Corrections was more consistent?, that there was favoritism, or if a rule was a rule?

Joan: I can't say there was any favoritism in those days, 'cause nobody got anything that somebody else didn't get, you know, and everyone was treated the same.

Bev: Do you find coming back here, now, that some women get more than other women?

Joan: I can't really say that, 'cause where I work, and that I don't really pay much attention because I'm a loner, and I don't pay attention to much of what's going on in here.

Bev: How many years have you spent, altogether, within the Department of Corrections system?

Joan: Over 12.

Bev: Is there anything else you would like to say?

Joan: I get frustrated when I listen to this business with the younger people of "I want, I want I want", and, "can I have" - and I think to myself quite often, "Boy, if you'd done time when I first started, it would be a whole different ball game".

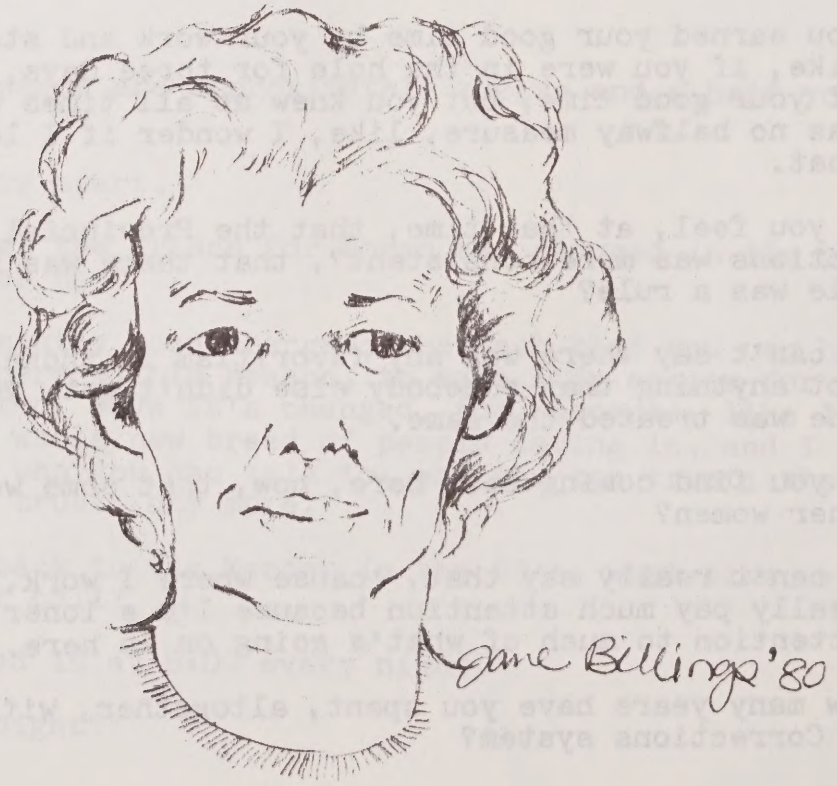
Bev: Did you, when you first started, have troubles with little cliques and people running back and forth?

Joan: No, there were no cliques then. You had your own living quarters and if you fought with them tough, and if you didn't, good. That's just the way it was, but I didn't find anything cliquey.

Bev: Was there a lot of brews and drugs in those days? Did the administration feel they had the problems they do now with that?

Joan: Oh, yeah. Whenever anything could be smuggled in, we would get it; I don't think that sort of thing will ever change in the prison sytem: there is always going to be smuggling. At that time I wasn't a drug addict, you know, smoke a little pot, but at that time you didn't seem to get pinched for it like you do around here.

Bev: O. K. Thank you very much. The preceeding interview has been with Joan Ross, on the prison system, yesterday and today.



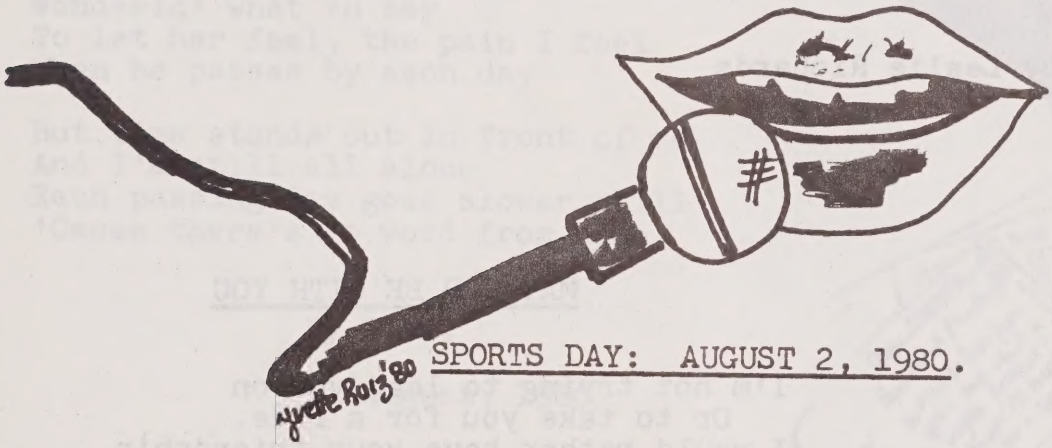
DISCO DANCE CONTEST

DISC JOCKEY COMPETITION

We of the Prison For Women have started having our own weekend dances. The first of a series of these was a great success. Our first disc jockey was Janet and she did an admirable job. Muggsie and Laura were the judges of the Dance Contest, where Norma and Lisa, Susie and Leslie, and Bev and Connie made it to the finals. Bev and Connie won. We had spot dances for prizes, and chips and pop were served.

In the two upcoming dances, a dance team from each night will be picked out for the dance-off. Also, the disc jockeys will be different at each dance, and the winner over all will be the Prison For Women official Disc Jockey. We hope that these dances are giving the ladies something to look forward to.

See you next time.

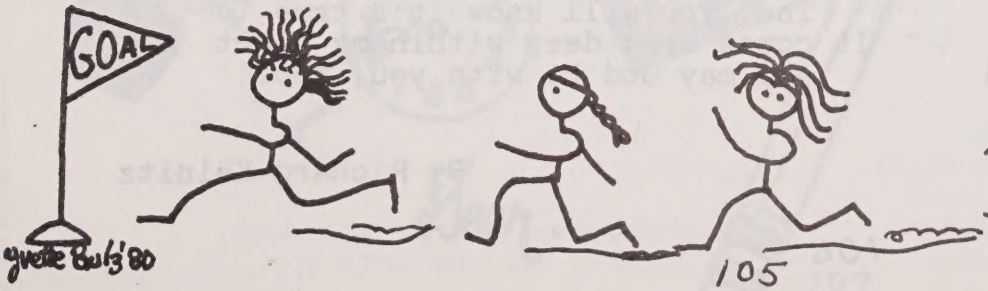


SPORTS DAY: AUGUST 2, 1980.

Our Sports Day was a great success, thanks mostly to June Campbell, as most of the women came out to the yard for it. Once again Duke won the baseball throw, but Gay and Sam were very close behind her. Sylvie was the athlete of the day, winning the marathon and the sprint races. Spike and Marlene won the three legged race. The over thirty-five race was a flash to the finish with J. C., Muggsie, Laura, and Anne all really moving along. There was a slight accident in the wheelbarrow race when Lana dropped Marlene, but everyone was laughing too hard to worry about it. Sylvie's team won the relay race.

A special poster of Rod Stewart was given to Maggie for being a good sport and our favorite lady. Following the Sports Day there was a barbecue, and also the long weekend finished off with "Star Trek: The Motion Picture".

The Inmate Committee hopes that everyone who attended these events had a good time.

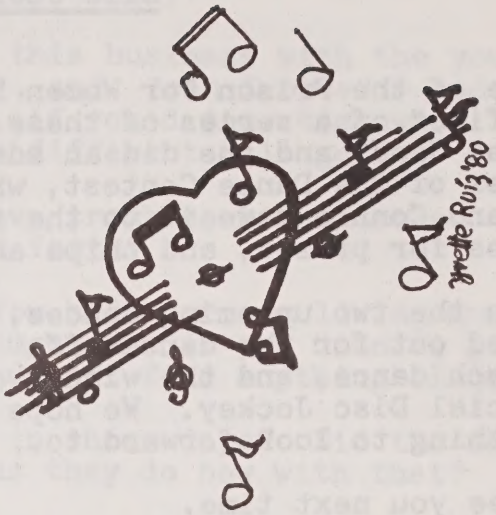


Beverly Whitney
Editor ♀

A WORDLESS SONG

In the depth of my soul there is
 a wordless song - a song that lives
  in the seed of my heart.
It refuses to melt with trials
 or tribulations; it engulfs my emotion
  in a transparent cloak and flows
   but not upon my lips.

It is a song composed by contemplation,
 And published by silence,
 And shunned by freedom,
 And folded by truth,
 And repeated by dreams,
 And understood by love,
 And hidden by awakening,
 And sung by the soul.



By Leslie Richards

MAY GOD BE WITH YOU

I'm not trying to lead you on
   Or to take you for a ride.
I would rather have your friendship
   And have you at my side.
I'm not trying to set you up
   Or to break your heart in two
I would rather cheer you up
   When you are feeling blue.
So as you sit and ponder this
   Then you find it true
It comes from in my heart
   And may God be with you, too.
"No", and I'm not trying to lure you in
   To you I give my word.
So you can disregard old rumours
   Or things you may have heard.
If it happens you are sad
   Then I will be right there
When someone is not around
   And others just don't care
So as you sit and ponder this
   Then you will know it's true
It comes from deep within my heart
   And may God be with you, too.

By Richard Keinitz

NO WORD FROM HOME

I watched him pass me by again
And Lord, I miss her so
The pain just seems to grow each time
There's no word from home

I wonder what she's doin' there
While I'm here, locked away
And I wonder if she thinks of me
When I think of her each day

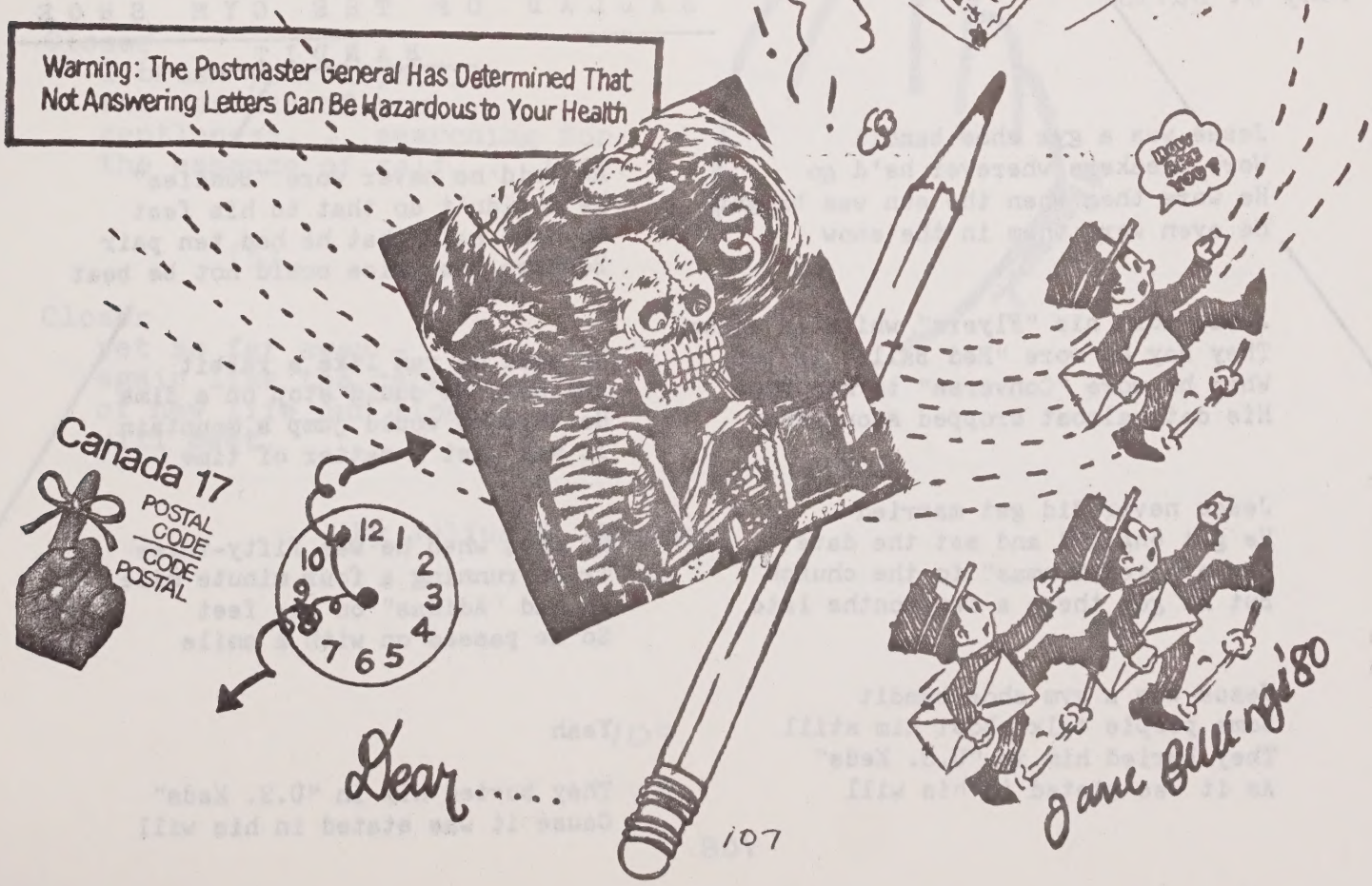
I know she said she's missin' me
While she's there on her own
But, I can't help but wonder why
There's still no word from home

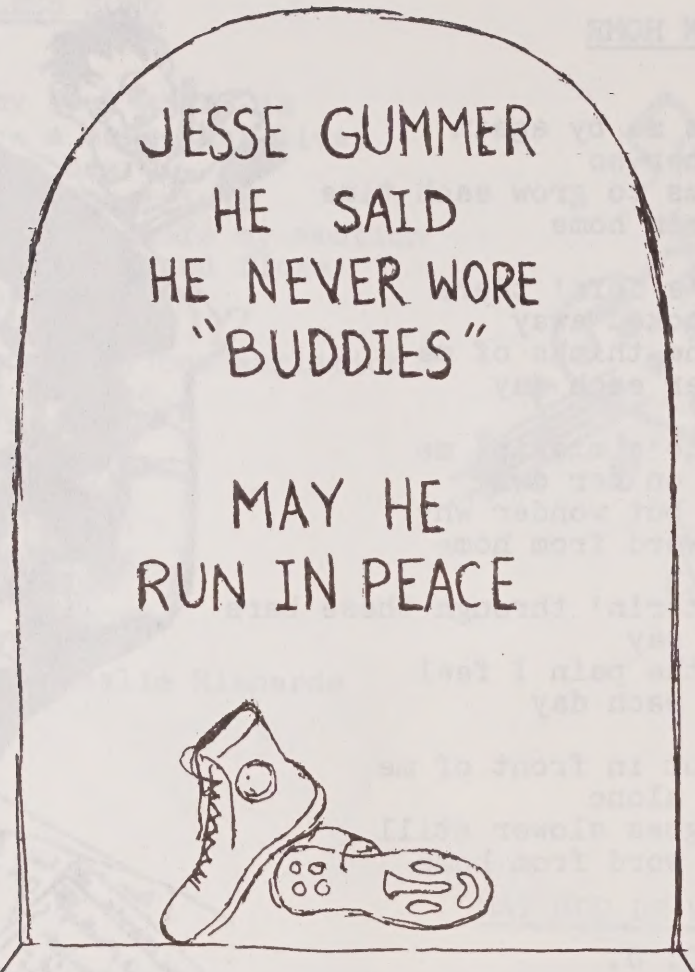
So, I sit here, starin' through these bars
Wonderin' what to say
To let her feel, the pain I feel
When he passes by each day

But time stands out in front of me
And I'm still all alone
Each passing day goes slower still
'Cause there's no word from home

By D. J.

August, 1980





by Tony D. Davis

BALLAD OF THE GYM SHOE BANDIT

Jesse was a gym shoe bandit
Wore sneakers wherever he'd go
He wore them when the sun was bright
He even wore them in the snow

Jesse wore his "Flyers" while in school
They say he wore "Red Balls" to bed
When he wore "Converse" to his prom
His date almost dropped stone dead

Jesse never did get married
He got engaged and set the date
He wore red "Pumas" to the church
But he got there a few months late

Jesse was a gym shoe bandit
Some people talk about him still
They buried him in "U.S. Keds"
As it was stated in his will

He said he never wore "Buddies"
He couldn't do that to his feet
Someone said that he had ten pair
Because the price could not be beat

He said he ran like a rabbit
And said he could stop on a dime
He said he would jump a mountain
It was just a matter of time

He died when he was fifty-three
Tried running a four minute mile
He had "Adidas" on his feet
So he passed on with a smile

Yeah

They buried him in "U.S. Keds"
Cause it was stated in his will

ECLIPSE

(1)

Closer
forces crumble
life becomes
reality, death-like
yesterday - a past - tense,

(2)

Closer
inch by precious
inch, anticipating
longing for the
magical touch,

(3)

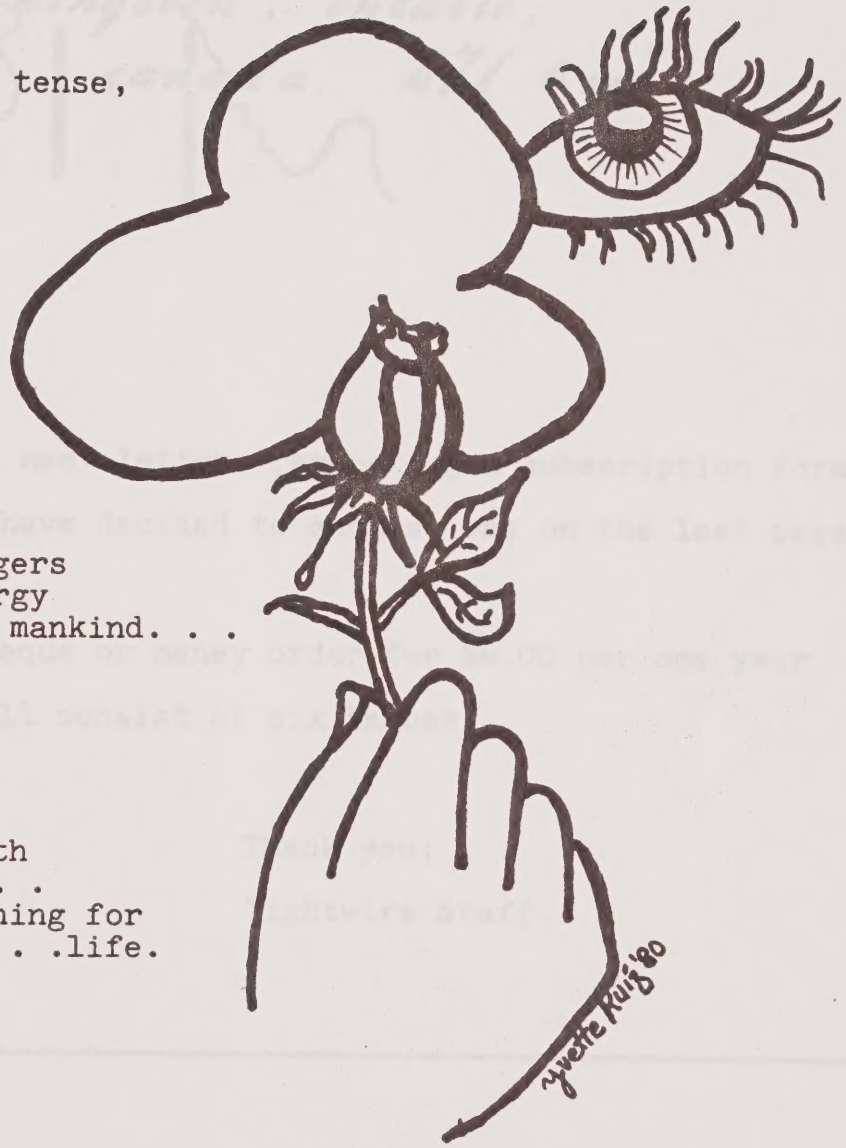
Closer
stretching forth fingers
barely touching, energy
never before know to mankind. . .
a need,

(4)

Closer
I brush your lips with
the essence of you. . .
gentleness. . .searching for
the essence of self. . .life.

(5)

Closer
yet so far away -
again like the caress
of new life our lips
will meet.



By Julius D. Snowden

TIGHTWIRE Publications

prison for women
box 515
kingston, ontario,
canada. k7l 4w7

Dear Friends;

We have received so many letters requesting a subscription form for Tightwire that we have decided to enclose one on the last page of every issue.

Please enclose a cheque or money order for $4.00 per one year subscription, which will consist of six issues.

Thank you;
Tightwire Staff.

NAME: _____ PROVINCE/STATE: _____

ADDRESS: _____ COUNTRY/POSTAL CODE: _____

CITY: _____ DATE: _____

SECOND CLASS MAIL
#4730

LIBRARIAN
CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
RM 8054
130 ST. GEORGE STREET
TORONTO, ONTARIO
M5S 1A5

TIGHTWIRE PUBLICATION